B'nai B'rith Magazine

Volume XXXIX, No. 4

JANUARY, 1925

Childhood, A Sketch
By Max Robin

The All-Jewish Town, Tel Aviv
By E. David Goitein

The Christ of Christianity Versus the Christianity of Christ
By Joel Blau

In the Public Eye

THE NATIONAL JEWISH MONTHLY

SUBSCRIPTION

$1.00 a Year

10 Cents a Copy

Contributors' Columns

The B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE can be found in some 65,000 American homes from coast to coast. It goes to these homes because the head of the family belongs to the B'nai B'rith and receives the magazine for the nominal sum of fifty cents, which is included in his annual dues. If any member of the Order does not feel that the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE is worth fifty cents a year to him and his family he can cancel his subscription by sending a statement to that effect on his own letter-head to the editorial office. In such a case arrangements will be made to relieve the member of future payments for the magazine. Non-members of the Order are charged one dollar a year for the magazine.

Although he is a rabbi, Joel Blau is nearly as well known to non-Jews as he is to Jews through his articles in a number of leading magazines such as the *Atlantic Monthly* and others. His work in the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE has attracted such favorable attention that some of it will shortly be reprinted in various Christian denominational papers. Dr. Blau is the rabbi of Congregation Peni El in New York City.

Max Robin is a short story writer of rapidly growing reputation. His work is appearing in numerous magazines and one of his stories was awarded a place in one of Edward J. O'Brien's collections of the best short stories of the year. Several of his stories have appeared in the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE.

E. David Goitein is a resident of London who recently returned from a trip to Palestine and wrote his very interesting impressions of the country. Two more articles by him on "Halutzim and Halutzoth" and "Arabs" will appear in future issues of this publication.

Max Heller is one of the best known rabbis in the United States. He graduated from the Hebrew Union College in 1884, after which he was connected with temples in Chicago, Ill., and Houston, Texas. Since 1887, however, he has occupied the pulpit of Sinai Temple, New Orleans, Louisiana. Dr. Heller is a professor of Hebrew and Hebrew Literature at Tulane University and has been on the editorial staffs of a number of publications including the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE of which he is now a contributing editor. He holds a number of positions in important Jewish organizations and is a member of several learned societies.

Contents

PROGRESS OF EVENTS:
- Race Superiority ... 121
- Abraham's Birthplace ... 121
- Jewish and Christian Fellowship ... 122
- The New "Czar" ... 122
- Spain Makes Amends ... 122
- A Prophet Passes ... 123

CROSS SECTION OF AMERICAN JEWISH NEWS ... 124

THE CHRIST OF CHRISTIANITY VERSUS THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST, BY JOEL BLAU ... 126

CHILDHOOD, A SKETCH, BY MAX ROBIN ... 129

A NEW INTERPRETATION ... 132

THE ALL-JEWISH TOWN, TEL AVIV, BY E. DAVID GOITEIN 136

THE QUANDARY OF THE APOSTATE JEW, BY MAX HELLER. 138

IN THE PUBLIC EYE ... 140

SILBERMANN, BY JACQUES DE LACRETELLE ... 142

NEWS IN VIEWS ... 144

THE PRINTED PAGE:
- Good Fun ... 146
- Successful First Novel ... 146
- Stories of Far-off Peoples ... 146
- The Subject of Peace ... 147
- Hebrew Poems ... 147
- Scholarly Essays ... 147

B. B. SHOTS ... 152

America, as well as his native France, has taken note of Jacques de Lacretelle, the young novelist. Indeed his books are being translated into a number of other languages besides English. "Silbermann," now running in the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, won the *Femina Vie Hereuse* prize, while de Lacretelle's previous novel, "La Vie Inquiete de Jean Hermelin," was awarded a *success d'estime.*

B'nai B'rith Magazine; published monthly under the auspices of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith. Publication and editorial office, 1228 Union Trust Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Subscription, one dollar per annum.

Entered as second class matter October 13, 1924, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 16, 1920.

Adolph Kraus and Leon L. Lewis, editors; Ruth S. Genzberger, assistant editor; Max Heller, Samuel S. Cohon, Max L. Margolis, Felix A. Levy, David Philipson, Morris Fishbein, Martin A. Zielonka, contributing editors.

THE
B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE
The National Jewish Monthly

VOLUME XXXIX JANUARY, 1925 NUMBER 4

Progress of Events

Race Superiority

THE theory of race superiority—old when Sampson smote the Philistines, and older still when Cæsar's legionnaires trampled down the barbaric Gauls—still shakes its gory locks. The only difference is that today its former invokers—Semites and Mediterraneans—are its victims.

Revived in this country for the primary purpose of attracting members into a defunct secret society and thus increasing the sale of sheets and pillow slips, and for the secondary purpose of lending plausibility to reasons advanced for a policy of restricting immigration—the theory is now having its day in England. The London *Times* publishes pictures of the Whitechapel slums and advocates that East European Jews be barred from Albia's shores, because typhus, favus and trachoma are prevalent among them. Jews are also accused of entering trades, such as tailoring, which expose them to tuberculosis, and of suffering from hysteria and nervous diseases. The "gloomy dean of St. Paul's," Dean Inge, long celebrated among Jewry for the liberality of his views, solemnly asserts that the Jews are divided into two racial groups, of which those of western Europe are the hundred per cent Semites, while the Eastern Europeans are tinged with the Finno-Turkish blood of the Khazars.

While this argument undoubtedly appeals to the chauvinistic Judeo-Briton, especially when reinforced by so thoroughly British an authority as Chancellor Austen, Canon of York Cathedral—who points out that Jews came to England before the English—it offends those Jews who like to regard all the children of the dispersion as of one blood. These Jewish Lothrop Stoddards bitterly attack Dean Inge.

Whether the dean is right or wrong, there is no reason for doubting either his sincerity or his friendliness to the Jewish people. Friends of the Jews—as well as Jews themselves—will be found both in favor of and opposed to stricter immigration laws, and on both sides of theories of racial origin and domination. A broad humanitarianism will not quibble over problems over which ethnologists differ. The oldest quibble in the world, "Am I my brother's keeper?" has been reduced to this proposition: "I may be my brother's keeper. But is this fellow really my brother?"

Abraham's Birthplace

ARCHEOLOGISTS of the British Museum and the University Museum of Philadelphia unearth at Ur, the birthplace of Abraham, objects that appear to us peculiarly modern. These include a "kewpie" powder-puff, razor blades (of flint), a gold-plated stickpin, an alabaster wine cup which resembles a Twentieth Century hip-flask, bracelets, necklaces and trinkets. Records in stone and brick indicate that Sumerian Shebas powdered and rouged much as our own flappers do today, while the Sheiks went in for monkeys, much as our own sports go in for bulldogs.

Many small images, presumably of the kind that Abraham destroyed in his father's shop, are found. Some of the street paving and of the ancient drainage system are uncovered. Strangest of all, perhaps, is a tablet in which King Nabonidus prays that his son Belshazzar "may not give way to sin." That the father's prayer was *not* answered we read in the Book of Daniel, where, however, the father of Belshazzar is erroneously called Nebuchadnezzar. In the fifth chapter of Daniel we read about the feast of Belshazzar and the writing on the wall.

Study of the temple plans indicates that Nebuchadnezzar introduced a new form of worship—that of falling down before a golden image at the sound of music. It was not at Ur, however, but in the plain of Dura that the Chaldean king erected the particular golden image before which the three young Jews refused to bow and were, therefore, cast into the fiery furnace.

All these discoveries not only vivify Bible history, but stamp as authentic what has been generally regarded as legendary.

Chauvinists who boast of national or racial supremacy might profitably recall that for many centuries the Chaldean city of Ur held sway over Babylonia, when that region was a paradise, its surrounding fields and orchards watered by encircling canals and itself a center of wealth and culture. When Abraham tended his father's shop in Ur, the tower erected in worship of Sin, the moon goddess—the ruins of which still stand—was older than the Thirteenth Century Cathedral of Rheims is today. The city which Abraham left in search of Canaan was older than is our entire Christian civilization.

The Babylonian Empire succeeded the Chaldean. Persians, in turn, overthrew Babylon, destroyed the canals and allowed the desert sands to obliterate flower gardens, fields and orchards. Desert wastes and dusty ruins remain. Chaldea's wealth and power have crumbled. The mouths of her

gods are stopped with dust. Of all that ancient grandeur only the faith of Abraham, borne in the shadow of the temple of the mighty moon goddess, endures.

Jewish and Christian Fellowship

DESPITE the opposition of some Jews and some Christians, other Jews and other Christians go confidently about the task of building the foundation of a common religious fellowship. At the annual conference of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in Atlanta, the executive committee decides to spend $15,000 a year for three years to combat anti-Semitism and to create a better understanding between Christian and Jew.

At almost the same time Claude Montefiore tells four hundred representatives of nearly every religious creed and cult in England, whom he has summoned to the Liberal Synagogue: "A common platform between the Jew and the Christian exists. . . . The aim (of the conference) is not a spiritual tug of war, but recognition of one religion by the other, instead of mere toleration." Jews and Christians, meeting upon the same conference floor, learn that the moral bedrock of both great religions is the same and part with more respect and greater friendliness for each other than they had imagined possible.

In Washington representatives of the Masonic order, of the Knights of Columbus and of the B'nai B'rith meet at the invitation of Argo Lodge, B'nai B'rith, to unite in an attack against intolerance. A Catholic priest, Dr. James Gillis, officiating at the Church of St. Paul, asserts: ". . . if ever the rights of the Jews in America are assailed, I hope that the 19,000,000 Catholics in the United States will leap to their defense."

The Amos Society, whose council is composed of eighteen prominent Jews and Christians, and whose object is to foster better understanding between followers of both faiths, issues its first publication. This book, written by Dr. Isidor Singer, managing editor of the Jewish Encyclopedia, and entitled "A Religion of Truth, Justice and Peace," is being distributed widely among Christian clergy and students for the ministry for the purpose of showing them "how much Jews and Christians have in common and to what extent they seek to practice religious principles proclaimed by Jewish prophets and taught by Jesus."

In the meantime the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, through a sub-committee on good will between Jews and Christians, is writing articles, holding conferences and planning campaigns of education to break down the ancient barriers. The Central Conference of American Rabbis, meeting at Cedar Point, Ohio, authorizes a committee representing reformed Judaism to co-operate in this work, and the B'nai B'rith is lending its co-operation.

Voices have already been raised that all this will not avail, that the Jew will remain Jewish and the Christian Christian. These objectors forget, or do not know, that none of these movements desires to convert the Jew or expects him to compromise his religious convictions. Their purpose is to obtain a better understanding of two recognizedly different points of view and an appreciation of each other's philosophy. Enlightened Christians and Jews alike have to fight immorality and fanaticism, and both, in this respect, have many common interests.

Is the Jew less a Jew because, upon the celebration of the thousandth reading of the mass by the Archbishop of Hungary, the Chief Rabbi blessed the primate? The answer is found in the sermon that the archbishop preached: "The Unity of Mankind."

The New "Czar"

DESCENDANTS of the rude peasants who revolted against England bow and scrape before the Grand Victoria Feodorovna, wife of Cyril, pretender to the Romanoff throne. Men reverently kiss the royal hand, while ladies—presumably after many hours of diligent practice—courtesy in approved fashion. The social triumphs and the political intrigues of the French pretenders in "little old New York" are recalled. Spiridovitch and Brasol, arch anti-Semites, who have done their best to insure the success of the Grand Duchess' visit probably chuckled at the gullibility of "American society." And editorial writers for Jewish newspapers dash off wild editorials.

Really there is nothing to get excited about. The foolish women—and their husbands—who belong to the Monday Opera Club of New York are not representative of the brains, money or influence of this nation—certainly not of the great masses of our people, and perhaps not even of the very upper crust of our moneyed idle class. Perhaps most of the Duchess' court gather about her for the same purpose that they gather to taste a new drink or to hear the author of the latest censored piece of literature—to get a "kick" out of it. Few of them would care to enlist loyal American dollars in a struggle to restore the Romanoff dynasty.

Besides this, there appear to be a few flaws in Cyril's title. According to the laws of succession, the Grand Duke Nicholas is the rightful heir. Russian monarchists' societies in Paris and London, therefore, frown on Cyril's pretensions. The French government has declared his *persona non grata*. The Queen of Denmark, his mother-in-law, refuses to "see" him, the Greek Orthodox church will have none of him and the United States government refuses to let him even visit here. Add to these difficulties a report that the Soviet government is secretly supporting him in order to spoil whatever chances Grand Duke Nicholas otherwise might have by involving the monarchists in dissension and that the Vatican is "sympathizing" with his cause for a similar reason—and we have left the ashes of Cyril's absurd hope.

Spain Makes Amends

WHILE many nations of Christendom are attempting to prevent more Jews from entering their lands, Spain is inviting back again the descendants of these Sephardim whom she banished 432 years ago. Nations learn slowly. It has taken the descendants of the Fifteenth Century Castilian Clansmen more than four centuries to learn that the Jew is essential to Christian civilization and to begin making amends to the descendants of those whom they wronged.

The Spanish government wishes not merely to right a great wrong, but to rescue itself from the medievalism which has enveloped it since the Jews' departure. Jewish energy and Jewish forethought are looked to for the miracle.

For many years a Jewish professor taught the Science of Judaism at the University of Madrid in order to attract Jewish students. The Spanish government even offered land and money for a European Jewish University. Now it is sending its agents into every Sephardic community with importunities to the Jews to return to the land of their forefathers.

Anti-Semites, who usually do not read history, will do well, for once, to compare the story of their country with that of Spain. They will read

that in 1492 Spain was master of Europe and ruler of the sea by force of arms, of commerce, of diplomacy and of culture. Later they will read that, after the exodus of the Jews, Spain saw her army and navy shattered, her trade and colonies wrested from her and her art and learning fallen.

Perhaps, then, they will not view with such satisfaction the report that during July and August 491 Hebrews —as the government classifies them— entered the United States, as compared with 13,922 during the same period of last year. English nationalists, who advocate similar restrictions on Jewish immigration, as well as German nationalists, who plan to prevent any Jews from entering Germany, to deprive all Jewish residents of citizenship and eventually to drive them from the land by both legal and economic persecution—may likewise find food for thought.

Spain also had its "Jewish problem." She solved it with greater thoroughness than even the most outspoken Junkers so far advocate. It took her more than four hundred years, if not to learn, at least to admit that she had learned that persecution is not the way to solve the Jewish problem.

A Prophet Passes

SAMUEL GOMPERS, last of the Jewish prophets to die, though not the last to be born, once said: "If the world will remember me for five minutes after I am gone and say, 'He tried to be of service to his fellows in life,' I shall be content."

Samuel Gompers will be remembered as long as there is an organized labor movement in this country. He will be remembered as the only man able to weld the American workers into a successful organization, and as the only man able to save the organization he founded from the political entanglements which wrecked every previous labor movement in this country and which threaten every other labor movement in the world.

He will be remembered as perhaps the only apostle of social justice who lived to see his gospel generally adopted. This he once gave as: ". . . . the protection of the wage-worker—to increase his wages, to cut hours off the long workday, which is killing him; to improve the safety and the sanitary conditions of the workshop; to free him from the tyrannies . . . which serve to make his existence a slavery." A comparison of additional demands made by the American Federation of Labor with legislation actually enacted is the best evidence of the wisdom of Gompers' policy of "staying out of politics." Among these demands were: workmen's compensation, restriction of immigration, establishment of state labor bureaus, establishment of a national department of labor, restriction of convict labor, woman's suffrage, civil service and exclusion of Oriental labor. Other measures came into being in part, many states, for instance, having progressively raised the age limit of workers, thus gradually bringing about the abolition of child labor. Most important of all, American labor, under Gompers' leadership, won the right to bargain collectively with the employer. This right Gompers held more important than all the laws he had won.

Short-sighted employers who never took the trouble to acquaint themselves with Gompers' philosophy or purposes denounced him as radical. On the other hand, Socialists, I. W. W.'s and other radicals denounced him as conservative. The truth is that Gompers was this country's strongest shield against Bolshevism. The American Federation of Labor, which he helped found and of which he was president for all but one term since 1884, remained the only labor movement in the world that was not socialistic and that did not enter politics.

In 1903 this leader told his enemies, the Socialists: ". . . I have studied your philosophy; read your works upon economics . . . ; heard your orators and watched the work of your movement the world over. . . . I know, too, what you have up your sleeve. . . . I declare it to you, I am not only at variance with your doctrines, but with your philosophy. Economically, you are unsound; socially, you are wrong; industrially, you are an impossibility."

Unlike most idealists, Gompers was clear-thinking, practical and tactful. Once when Mark Hanna protested that some laborers had struck instead of diplomatically presenting their grievance, which was a just one, Gompers replied: "I suppose, Senator, it is because we do not develop diplomats on fifteen cents an hour!"

To his own rule, Gompers was the exception. He was not only a diplomat, but a statesman—"the statesman of labor." Born in poverty, schooled until the age of ten, a cigarmaker when that trade was carried on in dirty, unventilated tenements—Gompers mounted to the heights. He was the personal friend of five presidents —McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson and Harding—and when the American Federation of Labor building was dedicated in Washington eight years ago, President Wilson graced the occasion with his presence. By his influence in gaining the support of labor for his country during the war, Gompers was able to write into the Versailles treaty the five tenets of his creed: 1. Labor is not a commodity. 2. An international eight-hour day. 3. A standard and adequate living wage. 4. Equal pay for men and women for equal work. 5. Prohibition of child labor.

His social creed is what one might expect from a descendant of the Hebrew prophets: "The earth was intended for all mankind, and not for a few"—or, again, "You can not weigh a human soul in the same scales with a piece of pork. You cannot weigh the heart and soul of a child in the same scales upon which you weigh any commodity"—or his prophecy of the day, when ". . . they will no longer tolerate the sale of legislation to the highest bidder or the granting of franchises to the richest bribe-giver, (when) . . . there are no more court decrees entered as prepared in advance and ordered by the attorney for the stranger party. . . . (There) will depart the midnight injunction and the policeman's ready club at the behest of those claiming a property right in the labor of the vicinage. . . . In lieu of the political boss and his machine, we shall have leadership of intelligence, pleading for public justice, with adherents proportioned in number to the strength of their arguments. . . . The cause of public justice will be advanced in all directions . . ."

Filled with the same burning sense of social injustice and with the same visions, this social prophet, however, differed from all the others of his day and of the past in realizing that the world can be changed only one step at a time. Unlike the ancient prophets he did not invoke destruction upon his adversaries. He would have found the ten righteous men in Sodom, formed them into a civic federation and tried to win them—gradually—to the Lord. Surrounded by Socialists, he remained a democrat. He alone saw the danger of becoming enslaved either to a "social commonwealth" or to the god of efficiency. He knew that the state is only an aggregate of men and that mankind can be saved only by man.

Last—to die—of the Hebrew prophets, Samuel Gompers was their first diplomat.

A Cross-Section of American Jewish News of the Month

Immigration

ANTI-ALIENISTS are stopping up the gaps in our immigration wall. In the annual report of the Labor Department, Secretary Davis points out that, although the quotas allow only 164,000 persons to enter from countries outside of North America every year—exceptions in favor of relatives of American citizens, and those given a professional, educational and commercial status add considerably to this number. In addition, says Mr. Davis, many aliens are "bootlegged" into this country through Canada and Mexico, against which there are no restrictions. The secretary, accordingly, recommends that the quota law be applied to all American countries, North, Central and South. He also suggests that the President be empowered to prohibit or further limit immigration whenever unemployment warrants it and repeats his recommendation for an annual enrollment of all aliens. On the other hand Mr. Davis would allow temporary increase in immigration in times of labor shortage and would "humanize" the law so as to prevent separation of families. . . .

. . . Humanization of this inhuman law evidently appeals to President Coolidge, who, in his first message to Congress, states: "I should like to see the administrative features of this law a little more humane for the purpose of permitting those already here a greater latitude in securing admission of members of their own families." The word "latitude" admits of considerable latitude in interpretation. . . .

. . . Congressman Perlman of New York interprets it quite liberally. An amendment to the present immigration law which he has introduced into the House would exempt from the quota wives, husbands, children, parents, brothers and sisters of citizens and declarants admitted before July 1, 1924. Mr. Perlman has also introduced a resolution to admit refugees stranded in European ports who hold American visas issued before July 1 and who were barred from entry by the new law. . . .

. . . Maurice D. Rosenberg, Washington representative of the B'nai B'rith, has been instructed by President Adolf Kraus to attend the public hearing on the Perlman bills. . . .

. . . Congressman Dickstein of New York proposes to exempt from quota wives and children of rabbis admitted into America before July 1. The present law exempts wives and children of rabbis admitted since that date. . . .

. . . The American anti-alien cry is echoed in England, where the London *Times* is urging that East European Jews be barred from England, because typhus, favus and trachoma prevail in Russia, the border states and the East European ghettos. In addition, argues the *Times:* "Although the Jew is less susceptible to tuberculosis, he is more exposed to this disease by reason of the special Jewish trades, particularly tailoring. The Jews suffer from nervous diseases and hysteria as evidenced in the London air raids during the war." The humanitarian *Times* presumably would stop the influx of Jewish tailors, reserving this tuberculosis-breeding trade for 100 per cent Britishers. . . .

Politics

HOWEVER high the tides of narrow nationalism may rise in this country, Wisconsin stands firm as a rock. In the recent election, which swept President Coolidge into power, Sol Levitan, treasurer of the Badger state, was returned to office by a vote higher than that of Senator La Follette. Only one other candidate—for secretary of state—received a greater total. Mr. Levitan's total was 491,224 votes, as compared with 164,780 cast for his opponent. "His overwhelming endorsement by nearly a half million voters is evidence that the people appreciate him . . . putting the state treasurer's office on a business basis; "Old Sol" is a unique figure in American public life today. He has won a place in the hearts of Wisconsin people by his rugged honesty and his unswerving loyalty. . . .

. . . Congressman Albert Johnson, author of the Johnson Immigration Bill, is still hot on the trail of the alien. His latest bill would deport all aliens convicted of violating the liquor and narcotic acts, sentenced for at least one year or convicted more than once in any court of record, or even convicted of felonies, crimes or misdemeanors involving moral turpitude *before entering the United States.* Immoral women are included under the ban. Should this bill become the law of the land, the prerogative of violating the Volstead act, now enjoyed without discrimination according to race or citizenship, would belong solely to American citizens. . . .

. . . Upon Mr. Johnson's heels comes Representative Atwell, of Louisiana, with a bill requiring annual registration of aliens, in accordance with Secretary Davis' proposal. Registration would take place at post-offices, a fee of ten dollars for initial registration and five dollars for subsequent registration being charged. Upon removal from his district, the alien would have to register at the new post-office within two days of his arrival. Aliens would carry certificates of identification and hotel and rooming house keepers would have to keep an accurate check of all alien guests. According to Mr. Atwell, who got his ideas from a study of European methods of dealing with the alien, there are 7,000,000 aliens in this country who have not taken out their first papers. How the federal officers would detect these aliens is not explained. Perhaps a distinctive custom like wearing whiskers or not wearing the hair slicked back in the prevailing fashion would be stipulated to set off the alien from the American. . . .

Preparedness lost one of its staunchest advocates in the death of Julius Kahn, chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs. Kahn, who helped frame the selective draft bill, favored universal military training . . . .

Philanthropy

JEWISH philanthropists are evidently taking to heart the commandment to "honor thy father and mother." When Mrs. Felix M. Warburg, daughter of the late Jacob H. Schiff, recently announced that she would give $500,000 to the Visiting Nurse Service of New York, it was as a memorial endowment in celebration of her mother's seventieth birthday and in commemoration of the attachment her father had for the Henry Street settlement, headquarters of the Visiting Nurse Service. The annual income

from the fund will provide for sixteen nurses. . . .

. . . In honor of the same occasion, Mrs. Warburg's brother, Mortimer L. Schiff, gave $25,000 to the Jewish Theological Seminary, raising the total of his donations to the Million Dollar Endowment Fund to approximately $325,000. Mr. Schiff's contribuation of $64,000 toward the purchase of the Elkan Adler library gave the seminary the largest Jewish library in the world. His gift of $10,000 made it possible to acquire the Israel Solomon collection. Another $3,000 paid for the cost of rearranging the library. When an addition to the library was needed, Mr. Schiff and his brother-in-law, Felix M. Warburg, contributed $215,000 for the purchase of a building. To cap his generosity, Mr. Schiff presented several valuable manuscripts and a copy of the first Bible printed in Guthenberg. It was this same philanthropist who recently gave $25,000 to the building fund of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York. Mr. Schiff is catholic in his charities. . . .

. . . Adolph S. Ochs, publisher of the New York *Times*, gave $100,000 for the enlarging or rebuilding of Mizpah Temple, Chattanooga, Tenn. Twenty-five years ago Mr. Ochs contributed the land on which the present temple stands, together with a large sum for the erection of the building. The gift is in memory of the donor's father, Julius Ochs, a Hebrew scholar and civic leader who for many years acted as volunteer minister of the Mizpah congregation. It is planned to dedicate the new structure on June 29, 1926, the hundredth birthday of Julius Ochs. . . .

Social Welfare

SAMUEL GOMPERS, the grand old man of the American labor movement, was re-elected by acclamation to the presidency of the Pan-American Labor Congress only a few days before his death. The fourth annual meeting of this labor organization took place in Mexico City. . . .

. . . Prof. Max L. Margolis, of Dropsie College, one of the editors of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, wins new scholastic honors while teaching at the American School of Archaeology in Jerusalem. He has been elected president of the Palestine Oriental Society as well as one of the faculty of the Institute of Jewish Studies, which is shortly to be formed. . . .

. . . Rabbi Jacob B. Grossman is the appointee of the United Synagogue of America to the new position of educational director. Rabbi Grossman, formerly in charge of the religious department of the Educational Alliance and rabbi of Temple Beth El of Manhattan Beach, visited Palestine last summer and studied the educational systems of religious schools in Jerusalem, Tel Aviv and Haifa. The Jewish youth in the several hundred synagogues and religious schools under Rabbi Grossman's direction will therefore receive instruction based on the purest Jewish traditions models. Textbooks will be prepared under the rabbi's direction and co-operation will be given to all movements of a Jewish educational nature. Rabbi Grossman is a graduate of the Jewish Theological Seminary, a fellow at Dropsie College and a Master of Arts of Teachers' College, Columbia University. . . .

. . . Equal rights for women is the objective of a lobby at Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, according to plans made at a luncheon conference over which Mrs. Jacob Billikopf, of Philadelphia, presided. Mrs. Billikopf proposes to amend existing statutes and enact new laws that will place men and women on an equal footing before the law. . . .

. . . The movement for Jewish education is growing. Fifty leaders in the Jewish community life of New York, meeting under auspices of the Jewish Education Association, pledged themselves to raise $1,000,000 for erecting several new religious schools. Joe Leblang, theatrical magnate, heads the fifty leaders. . . .

. . . Congregation B'nai Jeshurun, New York, held its hundredth annual meeting and election of officers on December 14. One hundred years is a long time in the history of an American synagogue, especially to those who regard the Jew as a newcomer in this country. . . .

. . . Dr. Charles W. Eliot, ninety-year-old president emeritus of Harvard University, told the American Zionist Society that he "noticed with regret the increasing tendency of Jews to marry Christians. I have never known them to turn out well."

. . . A new chapter in inter-religious good-will was written at Cleveland when Bishop Joseph Schrembs of the Catholic diocese addressed one thousand members of the B'nai B'rith lodge on "Citizenship, Its Rights and Duties" in Rabbi Silver's Temple in Cleveland. The meeting was arranged by Alfred A. Benesch, president of District Grand Lodge No. 2, I. O. B. B.

The Arts

JEWISH culture grows apace in this country. Its latest development is the founding in New York of "Unser Teater," a theatrical enterprise for the production of the better class of Jewish plays. Such well-known Jewish playwrights as David Pinski, Peretz Hirshbein and H. Leivik are sponsoring it; while such artists as Miss Miriam Elias, formerly of the Habima Theater, of Moscow; Chaim Shneer, Bella Ballerina, of the Vilna Players, comprise the cast. Jewish first-nighters witnessed An-sky's "Day and Night," at the premier of this theater on Tuesday night, December 9. . . .

. . . Now the *International Book Review* discovers the existence of Yiddish literature. David Sbiritsky, the discoverer, writes that it "is the product of the Russian ghetto and is marked by sober simplicity, good technique and honest realism." The theme of sex "is usually treated by Yiddish writers with far greater freedom than would be permitted their American confrères . . . the themes used by Asch and other Jewish writers are of a kind that does not appeal to the American public. . . . The racial sense of humor is so strong in the Jew that what to outsiders would appear a question of morality is to him really nothing but a problem in humor." The New York *Jewish Daily News* takes exception to what it considers a slur on Jewish literary taste and denies this. . . .

. . . From New York comes word that Otto H. Kahn is conspiring with Irving Berlin to produce jazz opera. As Dr. Joel Blau points out, "they are not the worst pogroms in which blood flows." . . .

. . . The new synagogue service, prepared by Professor A. Z. Idelsohn for the National Council of Jewish Women, received an enthusiastic reception at its initial rendition at the chapel of the Hebrew Union College.

. . . Samuel Reshevsky, who at the age of six played twenty chess games simultaneously and met the greatest players in the world, became Bar Mitzvah on November 29 at Shaarey Zedek Synagogue, Detroit. Samuel, from all reports, has not allowed his genius for chess, to render him mentality one-sided. He is well advanced in his Hebrew studies, sings like a young cherub, can knock a baseball over the fence, runs like a deer and likes to take machinery apart to see what makes it go.

The Christ of Christianity Versus the Christianity of Christ

By Joel Blau

I.

NO inconsiderable part of the pathos inherent in the Jew's abnormal position in the Western world is due to the fact that with reference to the historically most significant Jewish figure, that of Yeshua, son of Joseph of Galilee, the Jew must necessarily adopt a guarded attitude, full of reservation and qualification. The liberal-minded Christian must not take umbrage at this: he must try to understand it. And chances are that he will. The unliberal Christian (this adjective ought never to be stuck to this noun) will continue to forge the Jewish attitude toward the Galilean into a weapon, no matter how we argue with him. He must be left out of account, unfortunately. On the Jewish side, too, we must leave out of account, on the one hand, those of the rabbinate who, glibly and thoughtlessly and in order to win newspaper notoriety, proclaim (by what authority?) this Teacher of the Word a saint and seer of the Synagogue; and, on the other hand, those of the laity whose attitude toward Jesus is in consonance with their general desire to flirt with Christians and Christianity, with a view possibly to gaining entrance into the much-coveted Gentile "society."

These glib and frivolous, or prejudiced and embittered classes must be ignored in the discussion of so serious and portentous a subject. We are dealing only with the liberal and thoughtful element on both the Jewish and the Gentile sides. And need one add that to be liberal and thoughtful at the same time is not an impossible feat, despite Jewish "orators" of a certain type who seem to think that liberalism consists in a certain scatter-brain (and *scatter-word*) quality? Genuine liberalism requires thought and feeling, both well-disciplined by and grounded in scholarship; and it is to such genuine liberals among Jews and Gentiles that the appeal is here made. Such men, I think, will, at the very outset, before even the ideas involved in the Jewish position with reference to Jesus are made clear, meet on the ground of a common understanding of the pathos inevitably clinging to that position.

This pathos springs from the sad fact that while upon the world fell the light of the Cross, upon Israel there fell only its shadow. To live in the shadow of the Cross has been Israel's fate for centuries. And the shadow has fallen not upon Israel alone, which we might forgive and forget, but also upon the teachings of Israel, which we might forgive but cannot forget. Is this the fault of Israel? No. Is it the fault of Yeshua ben Yossef of Galilee? No—a thousand times no. But it is the fault of those who have spoken in his name, from Paul down to the latest exponent of traditional Christianity. By presenting the teachings of the Galilean, commonly called the Gospel, as they did and do, they have deepened the Shadow of the Cross, and have brought about an unavoidable though not absolute alienation between the Nazarene and his own people.

IN this alienation lie unfathomable depths of pathos. One imagines that at least one of the wounds of the Christ was caused by it. And as for the Jewish people, would it not gladly do honor to and acknowledge this its most illustrious son, bask in the glory which he has cast upon all the world and claim him without reservation as Israel's own, were it not for the enforced separation brought about between him and it? He is flesh of our flesh, and we know it. His martyrdom we take to be the symbol of the greater martyrdom of Israel. His saving mission we multiply a thousand-fold and recognize therein the redeeming task of Israel. His spirit is essentially our own spirit; and though we might here and there point to some of his views that diverge from the official teaching of the synagogue, nevertheless even in these divergencies we note and claim as our own the passion for justice, the pity for the oppressed and downtrodden, the ineffable yearning for the establishment of world-wide God-rule. The whole pain and passion of the Jewish soul we find concentrated in the life and labor of our brother, Yeshua ben Yossef; and yet we find ourself compelled, by circumstances we have no control over, not to *reject* him, as the current accusatory phrase has it, but to adopt toward him an attitude of waiting and suspense. This is where the pathos lies: We are drawn to him, yet we must keep aloof from him. We would approach near unto him, but we find it impossible to do so by reason of the serried ranks of those who profess to worship him but misrepresent both him and his teachings.

And we fancy if he could speak with his own voice, he would express a like yearning for us as we do for him. We belong to one another, yet are severed. Bitter was the tree upon which the Romans crucified Jesus the Nazarene; but bitterer by far is the cross of separation upon which are hung together Jesus and Israel. And the world does not know it. And they who speak in his name, pretending to lend a voice to his silence, know it least of all. Pathetic, is it not?

Their misunderstanding is due to what appears a slight but ominous inversion. They speak in the name of the Christ of Christianity, and forget the Christianity of Christ. If we reject, indeed, we do but reject the Christ of Christianity—the Christ as evolved by Christian theology through the ages. But we do not reject the Christianity of him they call the Christ—that is, his ethical passion, his humble, yet insistent humanity, his triumphant mystic life, his power more miraculous than the miracles he is said to have performed: for in these things, in these signs of undefeated mystic life, lived in unutterable communion with God the Father, we recognize the attributes of the soul of Israel—we recognize our highest Jewish self. And so, the case between Christian and Jew resolves itself as the case of the Christ of Christianity *versus* the Christianity of Christ.

It is the Jewish contention, put forward in no captious spirit, but rather from a prayerful longing for the coming of the Heavenly Kingdom, that the

Christ of Christianity constitutes the gravest danger to the Christianity of Christ. So long as the Christ of Christianity holds sway over the minds of men, the Christianity of Christ must hide in the shadow of the cross together with the Jewish spirit that fathered it; and so long must the Jew maintain his present position of reluctant waiting, of unwilling suspense. When once the Christianity of Christ will conquer the hearts of men, to the discomfiture of the Christ of Christianity, it will be a different story. Until then the Jew must wait. He is, as Ibsen tells us, a great artist in waiting.

II.

LET me repeat: we forgive and forget the shadow falling upon Israel; we forgive but cannot forget the shadow falling upon Israel's teaching. Let this latter shadow here be demonstrated; paradoxically, let us throw a light upon this shadow alone.

We reject the Christ of Christianity because we see in him a menace to our doctrine of the unity of God. We accept the unity of God in quite simple fashion, without sophistication, without mathematical complication, with the directness of the untutored heart that yearns for God and would not run the risk of losing the way leading to Him by lingering over what appears to us as futile metaphysical speculation. The one-ness of God is not only our central belief, it is more than that, our central passion. By reason of our temperament, intent and serious as we are, any belief of ours becomes a passion, but this unitarian belief is our central passion. It glows within us like a naked white flame, fed by the fires of our soul, cleanly, starkly, aspiringly. It lives in us and we live in it; we die for it and with it. Our principal ritual gesture is not a petition for bread addressed to the Giver of all good gifts, nor even a prayer for forgiveness, but a total lifting up of the heart, a complete committal of the whole life, in the simple Shema-avowal of the unity of God. We ask nothing, we give all; we worship the One-God who promises nothing to a people that pledges all.

One must be a Jew to understand this passion for unity. Even a Jew like Felix Adler, for whom I have the greatest regard, says somewhere that the question of monotheism has ceased to be a relevant issue. What difference does it make whether there be one or more than one god? One is reminded of the way the Greeks used to pray "to Zeus and whatever gods may be about." The Greek would take no chance of offending any deity that might be hovering near, "loafing around the throne," or of having his prayer miss fire by being aimed at the wrong party: in all this the playful and wily spirit of the Hellene manifested itself. He could not take his gods seriously, as he could not take life seriously. But can you imagine a Jew praying in this fashion? To a Jew, life is the serious business it is, because it is God-ordained; and to him life matters, God matters, even as to him the question whether there be one or more than one god is of great moment. The Jew still stands at Carmel defying the Baals.

Altogether it is shallow to assume that beliefs do not matter, only deeds. It is true that men have lived righteously under the inspiration of diverse beliefs, but—with a difference. For our beliefs necessarily color our actions; they introduce overtones and undertones of the spirit which color the whole life. And, unless we are to assume that our deeds in their brute immediacy, as they slip off the tip of our fingers, have value in themselves, regardless of the subtle world of motives and intents stretching back of them like an invisible figured curtain-drop, these overtones and undertones do matter a great deal. They often make all the difference there is between the good and the bad; nay, they often reveal the despicable nature of the badness of the good people, worse than the wickedness of the bad people. Do or say what we will, we are not "all-thumb"; the issues of life lie ever in the believing heart. And the issues of Jewish life lie with this belief in the unity of God. Therefore, to speak slightingly of monotheism as a dead issue betrays superficiality, to say the least.

CERTAINLY, no matter how indifferent we may be to matters of doctrine, believing them to be without bearing upon the practical concerns of life, we cannot hold that the doctrine of the unity is without direct influence upon the processes of knowledge and of history. On the knowledge side, it is in line with the scientific thought of the unity of all being. The whole world exhibits one plan, one structure, a system of correspondences repeated on an infinite scale. The atom is being dissolved into a ghost with an infinite capacity for protean self-transformation; the elements our fathers believed were permanent are dying fast, but dying into the incomprehensible unity of the world-spirit. Life, too, as in endless eddies it streams through the world, leaps from form to form, but always true to the same pattern and using the same tools for its self-perpetuation. Both the physical and the biological sciences testify to the one-ness of the universal plan. The net of being in which the Bible tells us we are caught is not made of varying strands; and we know that, flutter as we may therein, we are not alone. All being is under the same dispensation; and it is fully in line with the latest finding of science if Jews call this universal coherence, this cosmos-wide one-ness of spirit, by the supreme name of God. It took science thousands of years painfully to discover what the heart of the Jew, with the directness of genius, felt intuitively ages ago; that, namely, the last secret of the world is unity.

Still more direct than in its relation to the processes of knowledge is the relation of the monotheistic doctrine to the processes of history, that is, to human conduct and aspiration. For the teaching that God is one has for its practical expression that other teaching that mankind is one. God is the Father of all and all men are His children. In other words, the Brotherhood of Man is the direct practical consequence of the Fatherhood of God. It is, to put it more tersely, applied monotheism. Will you still say that the issue of one or more than one god is irrelevant to human conduct? Our entire aspiration as a people suffering the torments of hell is bound up with the hope of the theory of monotheism one day being universally translated into the fact of human brotherhood. Can anything be plainer than that?

And because this is so, beyond all earthly passions deep in us is the passion for unity. And because this is so, we would not play fast and loose with the redeeming thought of the divine unity by subjecting it to the analytical game of three-in-one and one-in-three. And because this is so, much as we hold in esteem any belief by which men live, we cannot accept the Christ of Christianity. For they have made a God of him, who is of God. Of God, he is, even as you and I, human and by reason of his humanity alone divine. But as long as he is held to be a God, in any other sense than you and I, we Jews

can but regard him as a subversion of the divine unity, our central belief and passion.

Here again, the Christ of Christianity is at variance with the Christianity of Christ. For he whom they call the Christ lived and died in the same belief as his brother-Jews, professing in his last moments the God of Israel, one in heaven and in the earth.

III.

THE Christ of Christianity stands for the belief in the man-God. The Christianity of Christ, that is the belief by which he lived and died, in short, Judaism, stands for the God-man. According to the former God becomes man; according to the latter man becomes, or may become, God, or, rather Godlike. Between these two beliefs there seems no possibility of reconciliation. In the one case God is held to assume the attribute of humanity, and that in a carnal physical sense; in the other, man is held to put on the attributes of divinity, and that in a reasonable, ethical sense. It is not difficult to show that Yeshua ben Yossef believed with all Jews in the God-man rather than in the man-God. The man-God is really Greek, not Hebrew. The Greek believed that God was made in the image of man, while the Hebrew believed that man was made, or, better still, is in the course of time to be made in the image of God. The Greek gods appeared in the guise of men: so did the Christ of Christianity. But the Christianity of Christ held fast to the belief or the hope that men may appear in the guise of God; that is to say, they can become so thoroughly divinized, so ensouled, as to express in every way the perfection and holiness of God.

This means that there is a Jewish doctrine of incarnation. But it is different from the Christological doctrine of incarnation. According to the latter, God in one specific instance did incarnate Himself in and through the body of Jesus, in order to appear among men in a visible human shape. According to the Jewish teaching, God is incarnate in every man and woman and child. God is within every heart that seeks after him. God is the slumbering dream of every soul. Wittingly or unwittingly, we hold God in us; and we make God manifest, some more, some less, to the extent of our purity and justice. Mystery there is, in both conceptions. But in the one case we have the specific and wholly exceptional mystery of magic; while in the other case we have the universal mystery of the moral impulse, the striving after holiness. Jesus believed in morals, while they who turned Jesus into the Christ believed in magic. We cannot in our thinking escape the sway of mystery. Even the scientist, whether he knows it or no, takes his last refuge, despite his vaunted rationalism, in some ultimate mystery. But it is for man to choose as the last resting point for his questing mind the mystery which is worthy of him as a thinking being; and, therefore, as between the mystery of morals and the mystery of magic there ought to be no difficulty of selection. The religion which taught that the word became flesh must ultimately give way to the religion which teaches that the flesh may become word.

THEY who created the Christ of Christianity created the religion which taught that the word became flesh; that is to say, that God may become man; while the Christianity of Christ taught that the flesh may become word, may be touched into manifest divinity. Can there be any possible harmony between these two teachings? The latter stresses that which is most characteristic of Judaism: the moral nature of man. It is no wonder that the former accepted as its first principle: "In the beginning was the Word"; mind, not the deed, but the word. Now, compare with this the Christianity of Christ whose first pronouncement was: "In the beginning God created heaven and earth." *Created,* that is to say, the first emphasis of the Jewish Bible—the Bible loved by Yeshua ben Yossef—was the deed, not the word. May it not be that the religion whose first principle was the word must end in silence? In quietism, inactivity and other-worldliness? While the religion whose first principle was the deed must result in manifold life, in fruitful activity, in moral regeneration, in all that we mean by the messianic kingdom? I have no doubt that Yeshua ben Yossef would reply affirmatively to this twin question.

What happened to the doctrine of incarnation is only what happened to all other Christological doctrines. The incarnation, as suggested, is universally true, and as a universal proposition it represents a moral truth; but the framers of the Christianity which Christ knew not, limited this to one instance, and thereby reduced it to the status at best of a prodigy. The same thing happened to the belief in the immaculate conception. All conception is immaculate, or none. Lives are kissed into being by the divine love which creates objects for itself through births and deaths untold. Accept the thought that every child is born in purity and you have a fine moral truth; limit this thought to one babe; say that in all this wide, wide world, and through all time, there was only one child so born, sinlessly and in purity, and you barter a moral truth for a mere miracle. Is this an equitable bargain? Or take the doctrine of sonship-in-God. The Christianity of Christ taught that all men were God's children: "Ye are sons to the Lord your God." Nothing can be plainer than this. Again, the same process. As a universal truth there is nothing magical or miraculous about it; it represents an intelligible moral proposition, though stated in somewhat symbolical language; but once you limit sonship to one case, no matter how outstanding, you lose the ethical value of the teaching and substitute for it a gasp of astonishment. In all these things the Christ of Christianity is at variance with the Christianity of Christ.

CLOSELY connected with the thought that Judaism — or the Christianity of Christ—believed in the flesh becoming word rather than in the word becoming flesh, and the latter in a limited exclusive sense as having occurred in one person only, is the thought that Judaism never worshipped a person but always an idea, a spirit. For the idea alone is universal and undefiled, while a person is specific and in him the idea can have but a mixed and equivocal existence. Even Moses was not represented as perfect, but as handicapped by human errors. There is no such phenomenon as a perfect man; there is but a perfect idea. For it is in the very nature of the idea to suffer abridgement through descent into the world of man, into the world of every day realities. Therefore, Judaism worshipped the idea; worshipped God as the last perfection of the idea; but did not worship man, who can at best be but the approximation, a kind of shorthand symbol, of the idea. Accordingly, Judaism never placed at its center a man, were he as great as Moses or any Jewish prophet, but only the idea in its naked perfection, tell-

(Continued on page 151)

Childhood

A Sketch Drawn from Life in the Ukraine

By Max Robin

THE poor boy in Ukraine. What a happy and miserable being he is, alternately. Miserable in his deprivations; happy when his desires are to an extent fulfilled.

He is swaddled tightly at his birth; tightly, tightly, so he can't move a limb. He cries, cries ceaselessly; cries and coughs, till he falls into convulsions. But who should know why the child is crying? Children cry because they are children. Sometimes, though, mother unbinds him; and then she wraps him in the yellow cloth again.

Such is the beginning of the poor boy in Ukraine.

Now the child begins to grow. He grows, grows, grows. It seems he will never stop growing; that he will never attain his height and be big. A slow, slow process it is; and some there are who remain undersized. Little people are these, forever wanting to be big.

The child encounters his first accident as, with flannel shirt tied in a knot over his back, he succeeds in clambering across the perilous threshold of the house; and once he has ventured out, the world seeming large and attractive about him, he begins, quickly at the start, then laboriously, to crawl all over the yard.

A pig, going the rounds of the neighborhood, happens at that moment to come to the gate. He stops, turns, wags his little tail; and then, with his foul snout forcing the way through the wicket, he leaps, snorting, into the yard.

Now mother has asked little Shaindel to watch the baby outside. As many times as she could spare from her work, she herself has been "throwing an eye" through the window, calling reassuringly to the game adventurer, smiling to him and throwing kisses.

But the big pig with the tiny eyes approaches unobserved. He comes to the boy, the little Jewish boy; he sniffs him with his wet, white, open snout; he bites the puny creature who has his dress tied round his back; wants to eat him, carry him off somewhere, dragging the child along over the rough, ill-cobbled streets.

Fate, though, wants the little boy to live. He screams, screams hard at sight of the pig; till a neighbor shows her handkerchief-covered head, till mother, likewise screaming, runs out.

The big pig escapes, and mother, joined by other women, stands and clasps the whining boy, whom the fat pig nearly carried away.

Don't cry, Birili. The nasty pig won't have you now. Mother will; your good, thin, little mother, who, with hands worn from unceasing, honest toil, one finger forever adorned with the stoneless ring your father gave her on the day of their marriage, rubs and rubs your head and covers it with many warm affectionate kisses.

Don't cry, Birili. Life is before you; life, big and indifferent, with a smile now and a scowl after.

Don't cry, Birili. Preserve your tears. A day comes when you need them; when you yearn to cry and can't find tears to shed.

Don't cry, Birili.

BIRILI grows. Yes, he grows. But he grows and becomes bad. He does what he shouldn't; what father and mother have told him he shouldn't.

He finds a rotten radish in the yard. Now Birili is hungry; but still more is he curious. And he eats the rotten radish.

Then, with his mouth reeking, he comes into the house. And father finds him out.

"What did you do, Birili?" asks father.

"Nothing," Birili answers.

"What did you eat just now?"

And again Birili answers: "Nothing."

"Nothing?" queries his father. "We will soon see." And he orders: "Bring me here the little chair, Birili."

Birili is inclined to disobey; still he brings the little chair to father. He is afraid, is Birili; father is going to spank him, and he is afraid. He whimpers quietly, and obeys. He brings the little chair to father.

Ah, what a shame! Himself Birili has to lower his trousers, himself he has to crouch over the little chair. And then—then father unmercifully spanks him.

"One—two—three! You'll remember—will you remember?"

Yes, he will remember; Birili will remember not to eat radishes which neighbors throw into the gutter. But Birili, like his father, is proud; and he cannot answer. And father spanks Birili to speak, to answer.

Till mother, on her guard all the while near the door, to see that her husband does not go too far with Birili, kindly intercedes.

"Enough, enough already," she pleads, as she comes in between and takes away her boy; for the boy is hers, mother's, much more than father's; and when he is hurt, it hurts her, too—oh, how it hurts!

And next time Birili, when he has to eat radishes which neighbors throw into the gutter, hides in shady corners; and for the rest of the day he seeks to avoid father, who, when he spanks him, counts one—two—three, and repeats insistently:

"You'll remember—will you remember?"

To which Birili does not reply; for, like his father, he is very proud and unyielding.

KO—ko—ko—ko—ko—ko!" goes the hen cackling over the yard.

It is morning, warm. Such a fresh, friendly sun is shining. And over near the fence the aged plum-tree has just dropped a ripe plum with no one about to pick it.

Here the hen parades anxiously and sings. Ko—ko—ko! Ko—ko—ko! Hen is going to lay an egg, so she sings; sings to attract some one of her kind masters to come and provide her with a place.

Birili is sent out to catch the hen. Now why does the hen run away at sight of Birili? She runs, clucks amazingly, tail up, body swaying clumsily, while Birili follows.

Birili corners the expectant hen; and she, giving up, stops, sits down gently, and waits in frail submission.

"Ah—I got you!" cries Birili in delight.

He takes the hen, one of whose wings is crippled. She is quite heavy. Such a dear hen. Birili lowers his mouth close to her beak, and she, staring at him and yet not staring, gives a sudden peck. Birili is in an ecstasy. He forgets that the hen's beak is dirty,

and he repeats the trick, making her swallow his saliva this time.

Then, on his own account, he feels her whether she has an egg. Yes, the egg is there, hard, ready. And Birili, still more delighted, profusely smiles.

He brings the hen to mother, who holds a sieve prepared. She sets the sieve, which she covers wholly with an old apron, over the hen, the little dutiful hen, that, unlike the vain, strutting rooster, would not eat her feed for nothing.

The round sieve is still, and so is the yellow occupant beneath. Sh! A long, trying suspense. Finally. The hen lets out a groan. Poor hen! She is sighing. There is pain, pain, in giving birth, even among fowls.

The awaited low knock is heard, followed by a sound of scratching, then a rolling over the floor.

"All right."

The suspense is broken. Birili is allowed to lift the sieve. The yellow hen, surprised, visibly weakened, looks up. She still sits; and from under her feathers peeps a white, fresh, little egg.

Hen nestles the egg; with her beak she would roll it under herself more snugly. But she stands up, shakes herself, relieved. Yes, hen feels lighter. And now she is hungry. She is assuming an air of importance. She expects to be given to eat. Ko—ko—ko—ko!

Gently, mother picks up the egg, an egg like a jewel, snowy, feathery, warm, its beauty enhanced by contrast with the earthen floor, earthen in the kitchen only, where, in poor houses, it is not laid with boards.

Mother holds the egg; and Birili, waiting, is prepared. He knows what's coming; and not for anything would he give up this honor which mother had assigned to him, of all children.

Mother takes the fresh-laid egg, light in its transparency, and circles it three times round Birili's forehead, which Birili holds uplifted to her. And as she circles it, she murmurs:

"As the little egg is fresh, so may your little head be fresh; as the little egg is fresh, so may your little head be fresh; as the little egg is fresh, so may your little head be fresh."

Three times. Three times she repeats this saying, in an amused tone. But Birili is not amused. He is not even smiling. He is serious. And he believes; believes that as the little egg is fresh, so would his little head be fresh.

A HOLIDAY comes; and who is there that can compare himself to Birili?

Before a holiday mother goes with Birili to the tailor and orders a suit to be made. Not so easily. Mother haggles, goes away, comes back. Finally the price is settled. And the tailor measures, marks; talks, exhausted, with the chalk between his lips. In a week's time, the suit, odorous of new material, is ready.

Birili has also had shoes made at the Gentile shoemaker's, where the smell of leather seemed so pleasantly agreeable to his sensitive nose. The shoemaker had cut long and short strips from a paper, and with these he took the measure of Birili's foot; and between his lips he held, instead of chalk, a cigarette, the smoke of which was horrible.

It was not at once that Birili put on his suit and shoes. He would spare them a while longer. A pity, really, to tread on neat, new shoes; a pity to expose the suit to the dust of the street—and what if it rains of a sudden!

But the holiday is here. Mother has made a house—gold and silver! Father dresses up. Everybody does. And Birili, too, dons his treasure.

The joys of poor people! Again mother examines the goods, the make. She pulls the sleeves, smooths the back, looks all over judiciously. Apparently she is satisfied; and even if she were not, Birili would be; for somehow he has by now grown into his clothes; they are truly his own and he loves them. But mother also is satisfied. Retreating a little, a holiday smile in her eyes, she pronounces at last:

"Well, wear it well!"

She adds, as is the custom:

"May you live to wear better clothes to your wedding."

Birili goes out. He has yet to show himself to his friends. What will they say? They will probably show him their suits, their pockets.

And on the street, in synagog, at grandmother's house — wherever he happens to be, Birili is aware of a newness, a freshness, a change about him. He looks at the pants, looks at the shoes, bends down to wipe away a speck. He expects every one to notice, admire him; and he is both shocked and humiliated, on glancing around, to find that he is being neither noticed nor admired.

And home at night he does not know how best to care for his clothes. Where should he place the coat overnight? And the shoes; surely he can't put them under the bed. He stands them up side by side, evenly, on a chair, while father and mother, watching unnoticed, laugh.

Birili cannot fall asleep. Again and again he recalls each separate garment in detail. Never, never had anything so nice been made for him.

He cannot fall asleep. He has snatches of dreams, sweet visions; and again he wakes up. His shoes. He must feel them, smell them.

Ah, poor folk, poor folk!

BIRILI has entered *cheder*. As he sat that first day in the dismal basement, which was the *cheder*, a prayer book lying open before him, the bone indicator of the rabbi slowly lingering over its large but faded lines, a kopek, a gleaming new copper kopek, dropped down to the table. And, in solemn, grating voice, the rabbi let it be known to him that that kopek had dropped down to the table from heaven, from God, for him, Birili, to consecrate this first day at *cheder*, that he, Birili, might be a good pious Jew, commit no sins, learn well, respect his father and mother and obey his rabbi.

And that evening, that evening Birili rushed home happy. What tidings he had for his parents! Both parents, but his father in particular; for him he loved more, though he treated the boy harshly. His father, he knew, would pinch his cheek, kiss him. But everybody else had to be informed of how God had come to distinguish him, Himself sanctifying his initiation into learning, wisdom, faith. He had with his own eyes seen God!

Soon Birili, the whole *cheder* with him, for the first time goes to the home of a Jewish woman to whom God had caused a son to be born.

They come into the poor house, cold and desolate in winter. They pass from the kitchen to the bedroom, the street door being left open as the boys, all small, continue to pour in, the frost after them.

In the bedroom they find the mother, smiling to them feebly in welcome. It is her first son, and she is happy. The bed is hung over with a curtain, to which some bills are attached. More of these bills decorate the walls and door. They are impressively printed in black but rather unintelligible characters, the top line of which reads: "Shir Ha'maaloth." Wherever one turns, one unavoidably meets with this glaring, imposing "Shir Ha'maaloth."

The children, as they enter, call out in greetings:

"Good morning, childbed-woman with the little boy."

Loudly then, in a shrill chorus and in practiced unison, from which they nevertheless break away at times, they begin to recite the *Shema*. A furious stamping after this concludes their services.

But the boys are yet to be rewarded. They would not go away without it. And indeed, right there at the door, the master of the house himself has taken up a prominent position; and to each swell-headed boy, as he passes by, he doles out a fancy paper-wrapped caramel and a honey cake.

And again Birili hastens home in a transport. His feet do not move fast enough. The streets seem to stretch. Quicker—quicker!

In one pocket Birili has his honey cake, in another the sweet; and with tender fingers he fondles both. But God forbid that he should take out either and touch it!

Yet it does happen, fortunately not too often, that the strength of Birili's will snaps; and then, a prey to temptation, Birili stealthily takes out the honey cake, grown soft in his pocket from excessive holding, and of a sudden, grasping it with both hands tightly at the edge, beyond which he should be certain not to venture, he hungrily nibbles off a piece. But not too much! And how delighted the little fellow is with the taste!

This evening Birili is taking both cake and candy home, to show them to his parents first and then give them to his baby sister, who is an invalid. Little sister, not being a boy, does not go reciting the *Shema* to women in confinement; and it's seldom, therefore, that she sees a caramel or cake. Let her have them now. And it seems strange that the pleasure which this great sacrifice on his part causes Birili by far exceeds anything he might have enjoyed had he himself eaten the sweets.

To and from *cheder*, summer and winter, every day, Birili walks. Mother hasn't enough for bread, but she continues to pay the *mlamid*. Learning is important; more important to mother than bread, than her own health and the needs of the needy, needy house.

So Birili goes to *cheder*, barefoot in summer, in rags to keep warm in winter. But he is happy, at times very happy; even on those bitter cold evenings when, homeward bound, he half runs, half walks, a paper lantern swinging from his little red hand; he hurries, carries the lantern, sways it playfully, and stops to look in through the top to see how much of the candle is still left, to admire its shivering flame, so pitiable in the night.

Oh, the delights, the strange, modest delights of a poor childhood, denied to those who, born rich, suffer less, but, their instincts blunted, enjoy equally less of the hidden pleasures of life.

BIRILI has entered school; real school not *cheder;* school where Russian is taught, together with mysterious subjects called geography and history; where the pupils sit hatless inside and wear a visored cap with a button, like soldiers, outside, a belt with an impressive buckle girdling the waist, and shining metal buttons adorning the uniform, which is narrow at the knees and high and stiff at the neck.

His older sister had prepared Birili for school. She had taught him to write, herself writing in pencil and making him go over the lines with ink.

Ah, that was hard work. Birili's hand would not stay firm, and his sister would have to guide him. And even then he went off the lines, made the letters appear unrecognizable, blotted the paper, soiled his hands and lips. Now the faces he made, the tongue hanging out of his mouth. It all seemed not to help. But when a page did turn out presentable, he or his sister would carry it from one to another in the house, and all would join in singing Birili's praise, with the exception, possibly, of his older brother who, out of malice or sheer amusement, would depreciate the efforts of the younger one.

The application was entered, Birili was considered prepared. And then—oh that memorable day!—one bright summer morning, mother—it is always mother who has to drag herself along—having washed Birili and dressed him in his best, led him by the hand to school, for his entrance examination.

The nearer they came to it, the more unsteady was Birili on his feet. He was conscious of an emptiness within. Why, why all this—school, learning, the facing of great men? Life, as it advanced, was becoming less and less to the boy's heart. Here he was leaving his childhood behind forever, childhood with all that had been beautiful and good till now.

They reach school at last. The child is old the moment he crosses from the street into the gate. There is fear gnawing, gnawing relentlessly at the stomach, at sight of this bleakness and friendliness of things and faces.

The pupils sit at long desks, well apart; and this too immediately imparts to one a sense of detachment, the weighty feeling of age and maturity. A mute, awe-inspiring blackboard, like a monster, faces the class. A terrible silence hangs in the air. No one seems to breathe. Even the light of the room appears odious, unnecessary, out of place. And worse than all this are the teachers, of grim, soldierly aspect, occupying a huge desk at the front, which is covered over with a satin cloth.

The pupil stares, wild-eyed, his strength gone, his confidence waning, all his knowledge treacherously forsaking him. He longs for a familiar face, for the presence of mother here at his side.

But such a head did Birili have—a little head as fresh as those warm, white eggs his mother used to circle over it. He passed his examination, though he was horribly frightened as he was called out, in alphabetical order, before that august inquisition desk.

And outside, in the yard, the entire family was assembled, impatiently waiting for Birili. As he appeared, flushed, worn, with the gladdening news, they lifted him up and carried him home in triumph. All were happy but Birili, for Birili had not yet regained his calm. Birili was bewildered. Until, little by little, as the profound significance of what had occurred began to penetrate, Birili became aware of a serene inner joy. His frail Jewish face lit up. He realized then that he had attained not only a personal triumph, but triumph for his entire family.

It remained to wait; wait till the names of the successful candidates should be announced. Usually this was done by hanging out a list of those names at the entrance to the school.

After much delay the list, consisting of several densely filled sheets, was put out. It was discovered, not by Birili, who for more than a week had been running over to the school several times during the day, each time walking, not running, back disappointed—but by his brother.

This brother it was who conveyed home the news that Birili had been admitted. In all haste Birili and the others then started for the place, to see for themselves. And it was with their own eyes that they read, read many times over, the full name of Birili written out neatly in Russian.

He was treated that day like a prince. Mother pampered him; and sister Shaindel really did have cause to be jealous, for not half the fuss was raised when she, the first-born, was admitted to school.

Glorious days, events unforgettable! They become dimmed in later life. But in their time—how important they appeared, causing so much joy, and so much sorrow, too.

School begins. Comes the deceiving first day when the impression one gathers is that teacher would be lenient

(Continued on page 150)

A New Interpretation

Showing how a modern playwright views Moses in the light of future civilization

WITH motion pictures and "legitimate" dramas now being based on the story of his life, the Biblical Moses bids fair to rival Lincoln in the reading and theater-going hearts of America. According to Lawrence Langner, author of the play, "Moses," published by Boni and Liveright, the "translation of the Bible from Latin into the language of the people, and its more general reading by the educated layman, not only brought the teachings of Moses prominently to the fore, but actually made him a figure second only to Christ; for when Catholicism dropped the application of Christ's teachings of non-resistance and the brotherhood of man, and when Protestantism dropped the saints, the residue was so nearly akin to the moral code of Moses that you can tell them apart only by differences in superficial observances and beliefs, rather than in ethical concepts. And it was the ideas of Moses, and not those of Christ, which were identified with the growth of the three modern movements which we term Nationalism, Democracy, and Political Freedom, which were an accompaniment to Protestantism."

The play opens with Moses' mother and sister hiding the infant in the bulrushes. After the mother had left, the daughter of Pharaoh came to bathe in the pool with her old nurse, her maidens, and Neb-Ket, priest of the god Ammon. The princess, impatient with the ceremonies prescribed by the religion of the Egyptians, would have dispensed with the usual prayers and plunged immediately into the water but the priest stopped her. "Would you commit a sacrilege?" he demanded.

Princess—(Mounting the embankment and pointing to the right.) Behold, O learned and suddenly religious priest of Ammon! Yonder is that child of Israel! She has run into the pool without clothes or ceremony. Are the gods fonder of her than of me? Answer me!

Neb-Ket—Princess, I cannot answer you. A wise priest never argues about religion. Let us proceed with the blessing of the waters.

Princess—Very well. Proceed.

Neb-Ket—Let us prostrate ourselves before Ammon-Ra, Father of the Gods and Celestial Parent of the Pharaohs! (Neb-Ket falls on the ground before the shrine, and the others follow his example.)

Princess—(As she prostrates herself.) It's such nonsense.

Neb-Ket—Bow now to the gods Osiris and Isis!

Princess—(Impatiently.) Will we ever bathe today? (The girls, who have

Moses breaking the tablets of the law —from a drawing by the famous artist, E. M. Lilien, a member of the B'nai B'rith Lodge of Braunschweig, Germany.

returned from the shrine and are standing in line, all prostrate themselves as before. The Priest mumbles again. They all rise. The Princess makes towards the water.) At last!

Neb-Ket—You forget. This is the day of the full-moon. Prostrate yourselves to Thoth.

Princess—(Ironic, angry.) Yes, and after that to Horus, I suppose, and Set, and Nepthys, and Tefhet and Keb, and then to the Syrian gods, Baal, and Kadesh, and Astarte and Anath! Faugh! I'm sick and tired of all these gods!

Tenates and Neb-Ket—(Aghast.) What!

Princess—(Stamping her pretty foot.) I am! I wish I were an Israelite. I want to bathe!

Neb-Ket—Do the Israelites bathe more often than the Egyptians?

Princess—No, but see how simple it is for them to get into the water! They have but one god to our two hundred.

The princess addresses the priest:—If you want my opinion, Neb-Ket, I think that we Egyptians are simply obsessed with gods. Look at the way the people live. Most of them are so busy building their tombs, they have no time for anything else. And when they are not building their tombs, they're talking about their tombs. "Will you wear all your jewels in your sarcophagus, or will you give some of them away?" The most fashionable place for a drive in the afternoon is the burial ground. Is it any wonder that Egypt is a dull place to live in?

Neb-Ket—Can you suggest anything better? Would you have us devote our lives to trade and commerce, like the Israelites or the Phoenicians? No, Princess, we are above that sort a thing. (Proudly.) We Egyptians are a nation of artists! And it is our religion that has made us so. Our delightful services, our magnificent temples, our sacred pools and fountains—

Princess—(Interrupting.) Our fear of death, our terror of the night! Is that charming, too?

Neb-Ket—What saith the Ritual of Ammon? "Desert not thy gods, but walk in the footsteps of thy fathers."

Princess—Stop talking like a priest, Neb-Ket. You can be quite intelligent when you are not quoting the Ritual of Ammon. It's all very well to rhapsodize about our ancient religion to those who believe in it, but it's all rather dead today, while these Israelites are very much alive and can succeed at anything.

Neb-Ket—They have succeeded so far only in the things in which we, as artists, and, need I add, as gentlemen, would scorn success. No, Princess, your father was wiser than you are. He fully realized the danger in which Egypt was placed when the Israelites remained here after the Hyksos were driven out.

Princess—Danger? What danger?

Neb-Ket—He foresaw, quite rightly, that a people who worshipped only one god would have far more time for barter and commerce than a people who worshipped over two hundred, and that the wealth of the country would

rapidly pass into their hands. Unfortunately, your mother—she was young then—was sentimental, and prevented him from slaughtering the entire tribe, but even she was forced to admit at last that your father was right.

Neb-Ket then proceeded to tell how the Israelites prospered to such an extent that Pharaoh became alarmed.

Neb-Ket—It was then that your father persecuted the Israelites. He forced them to live in special quarters of the towns. He gave each an allotment of labour, and appointed taskmasters over them. But this seemed only to sharpen their wits, for they actually increased both in numbers and in wealth.

Princess—Actually increased!

Neb-Ket—Yes. It was quite a problem for your father. He didn't know whether to be sorry or glad, because while on the one hand, he didn't want any more Israelites, on the other hand, he did want more slaves; and while he despised their disgusting cupidity, he was always glad to have a sum of money available merely by torturing a few of the richest of them. However, your mother finally prevailed, and your father issued a decree ordering all the male children of the Israelites strangled at birth.

Princess—But you said she was opposed to killing them.

Neb-Ket—She was—until your father was in favor of letting them live.

Princess—Father was quite right. Did not the Israelites once save Egypt from famine? Do you remember the scandal of Joseph and Potiphar's wife? Pharaoh made him his steward. They became quite fashionable after that. People even had them as friends—quite nice people, too. It might be amusing to revive the fashion again.

Neb-Ket—What do you mean?

Princess—We princesses of the Royal House have much to look to. Our estates, the keeping of our accounts, the collecting of our tithes. Why entrust these duties to a stupid Egyptian, who has no talents but to write poetry or to rave over the colours of the desert sunset? No! Hereafter I shall employ an Israelite as overseer of my household.

With this intention in mind the princess was delighted when she found the infant Moses and forthwith took him to her palace where she brought him up. Twenty-four years later he was to be found in the position of overseer of the princess's estates while his sister Miriam was the favorite dancer in the palace. But while Miriam reveled in the pleasures of the court Moses was sternly disapproving of the luxury and profligacy there in contrast to the misery of the Hebrew slaves. Instead of attending to his work he spent most of his time in study and the promulgation of law, and in dreaming of the day when he should lead his people out of Egypt. Eventually, of course, he left the service of the princess; and Miriam, although scoffing at his views of life, went with him.

A stained glass window made for the B'nai B'rith Lodge in Hamburg, Germany. This also represents Moses and was designed by Lilien.

After living with the Israelites, however, Moses became disillusioned and gave up his dream of leading his people out of captivity. Miriam remonstrated with him but their argument was interrupted when an Egyptian official mistreated a half-witted Hebrew slave. Moses interfered and in the ensuing struggle killed the Egyptian and was obliged to flee. For fifteen years he was separated from his people until a divine exhortation sent him back to Egypt to fulfill his old dream of rescuing the Israelites from their captivity. Pharaoh, frightened by the plagues that had been inflicted upon the Egyptians, granted an audience to the Israelites who wanted their freedom. A great throng was assembled in a public place when Pharaoh and his Syrian wife, Nefreti arrived.

Nefreti—(A petulant, middle-aged lady with dyed hair.) Stop! I will not go up there, Ramses, until you are quite sure there are none of those loathsome frogs about!

Pharaoh—(Mildly.) But, my dove—!

Nefreti—I say it, and I mean it!

Pharaoh—But this boil on my neck!

Nefreti—You are not going to walk up on your neck, are you? (To a Lady-in-Waiting.) He makes more fuss of his neck than all the rest of the Court put together. And the frogs! They make me so nervous. I dread going anywhere. (She shrieks.) There, I nearly stepped on one! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

Pharaoh—(Who walks up the stairs.) There are no frogs here.

Nefreti—Have you looked under the throne?

Pharaoh—(To Herald.) Look under the throne.

Nefreti—No, you do it. He is so careless. What a lot of disgusting people! Who are they?

High Priest—Israelites, your Majesty.

Nefreti—Israelites? I thought they were all dead.

High Priest—Not yet, your Majesty.

Nefreti—(To Pharaoh.) Is it all right?

Pharaoh—Quite, my dove. (Nefreti walks up the stairs.)

Nefreti—They say that the frogs are frightfully thirsty since the Nile dried up, poor things. It is simply dreadful here, simply dreadful. I tell Ramses we are under a curse.

Pharaoh—(To Herald.) Call the spokesman of the Israelites.

Nefreti—Who are these Israelites? Aren't they those dreadful people you said you would exterminate years ago?

Pharaoh—There are so many different tribes of slaves, it is hard to remember them all. Who are they, O High Priest of Ammon?

High Priest—A small tribe of Semites, your Majesty; they have always been distinguished for the excellent opinion they have of themselves.

Pharaoh—Ah, yes, I remember now. They want to leave Egypt. They have been bothering me for years.

High Priest—These people believe in two excessively dangerous doctrines, your Majesty. First they believe that there is only one God; second, they regard life as more important than death; and instead of devoting the greater part of their time to preparation for the afterlife, they are satisfied with their life on earth.

Pharaoh—Is that dangerous?

High Priest—Excessively dangerous, your Majesty. They will try to improve their condition on earth; the slaves will rise up and demand happiness and justice; and then what will become of you, your Majesty?

Pharaoh—For that matter, what will become of you?

High Priest—Whether there be one god or one hundred, we priests can be counted on to take care of our own skins, your Majesty. Still, if men are ever content with worshipping one god, there may come a time when they will worship no god at all; to that extent, the priesthood is involved. But I have not touched upon the greatest danger to be feared, which is this: as these people did not believe in the afterlife, and in its re-incarnation, they devoted themselves to commerce, and instead of using the greater part of their gain to build temples and burial places, they kept it for themselves and their children; and it was for this reason that we made them slaves.

Pharaoh—Is there any fear of their religion spreading?

High Priest—As yet, no. People will not easily be converted to the worship of a god they cannot see; and these people make no image of their god. But some day a prophet may arise among them and proclaim an image or a symbol, like a pillar or a cross, and then the worship of this god may spread like a plague to all the four corners of the earth. That would mean the end of civilization; they will tear down the images of the gods, destroy the fountains, and sow the gardens with grass; they will turn the temples into market places, and the shouts of the bargainers will silence the voices of the poets. (Discreetly.) It would therefore appear to be most desirable to exterminate them, your Majesty!

Pharaoh—(To Herald.) Proceed.

Herald—(Calls at the head of the stairs.) Let the spokesman of Israel appear and render obeisance to Pharaoh. (Moses and Aaron walk up the stairs. They approach the throne with simple dignity.) Bow down to Pharaoh!

Moses—I am the servant of Jehovah. I bow only to Jehovah.

Herald—(Amazed.) You dog! (The soldiers advance toward Moses. He stands his ground, his eyes meeting theirs. They stand transfixed, then fall back.)

Moses—Ramses, Pharaoh of Egypt, I am the voice of Jehovah!

Pharaoh—(To Nefreti.) Jehovah? Who is he talking about?

Nefreti—It is probably this new god. We must be careful. (She turns tactfully to Moses.) We quite understand my good man. And who is your god?

Moses—(To Pharaoh, ignoring Nefreti.) I command you, Pharaoh, in the name of Jehovah, God of Israel. Let my people go out of Egypt.

Pharaoh—(Uneasily, to High Priest.) Will Ammon protect me against this Jehovah?

High Priest—I am High Priest of Ammon. You have my personal assurance—

Moses—(Interrupting.) Do you dare to defy Jehovah?

High Priest—Israelite slave, do you speak thus to Pharaoh?

Lilien's conception of the young Moses

Moses—(His eyes blazing.) I speak in the name of God. Are you blind, Pharaoh? Have you not seen how the flame of His anger consumes Egypt; how the sword of His vengeance smites you with plagues; by the drought which has burned up your fields; by the insects which have consumed your fruits; and by the pestilence which strikes down your children and destroys your first born. These are but the first angry breathings of His nostrils. But if you harken not in your pride, Pharaoh, then He shall break the power of your pride, though you be the greatest king on earth; He shall walk contrary to you in fury. You shall eat of the flesh of your sons, and of the flesh of your daughters. He shall destroy your high places, and cast down your sun-images, and cast your carasses upon the carcasses of your idols! And He shall make of all Egypt a waste and desolation; your cities shall be brought to ruin; all your cattle shall be destroyed, and all your children, and you; your living flesh shall fester into loathsome worms, and you shall perish in corruption. . . .

It was not Moses' eloquence, however, but the sudden appearance of another frog that caused Pharaoh to give the Israelites permission to leave.

The task of leading the Israelites was an extremely difficult one. On all sides, even in his sister and brother Aaron, Moses met with opposition to his laws, and everywhere there was discontent. "I have come from a meeting of the Elders," Moses said. "They murmur against me again. It is an evil generation. . . . They fear that if we stay longer here at Mount Sinai, their flocks will be consumed before we reach Canaan. I answered them, 'Shame upon you, Israel. Do you doubt Jehovah? Can it be that He has brought you out of Egypt to starve of hunger in the desert?' Some would murmur even against Him, did they not fear my anger."

Jethro—They do not fear you enough! Some of them should be flayed alive!

Moses—This wickedness will fall away from them. I am tired. I have judged over seventy disputes today. They quarrel like dogs over the gold and jewels which Pharaoh gave them.

Jethro—Why do you not appoint other judges to help you?

Moses—Because each judge would decide according to his own law, Jethro. Until the law of Jehovah has been written down, I alone must decide all disputes.

Jethro—Go to a quiet place, my son, and write down your laws, and appoint judges to administer them with a strong hand. You carry too many burdens.

Moses—You are right, Jethro; I have waited too long. I shall set out for Mount Sinai this very night.

Miriam—If you taught them to bear love in their hearts for one another, brother, perhaps you would not need so many laws.

Moses—You do not understand, Miriam. It is well that men should love their neighbours, but men will not be ruled by love. Men must be ruled by Justice, by rewarding those that do good and punishing those that do evil.

Jethro (Darting a venomous glance at Miriam.) Even a woman should understand that.

Miriam—It is too simple for women, Jethro. We give up ruling our children in that way before they reach the age of ten.

Moses—We are not children, Miriam.

The will of the strong man to seek his own ends, and to set himself over his weaker neighbour, will never be curbed by his love of his neighbour. But let the strong man fear the law, let him know that what he has done to his neighbour shall be done to him; breach for breach; eye for eye; tooth for tooth; life for life; then you will find that he will deal justly with his neighbour, because he will fear the destruction which will come upon him if he breaks the law.

Miriam—It is no less certain that he will deal justly with his neighbour because of his love of his neighbour, brother. Most men know what love is, but many men do not know what fear is. You, brother, are the leader of Israel; you have the power of life and death over me. Yet I do not fear you, for the worst that you can do to me is to torture me or to kill me, and there are many things more precious to me than life, and many things more painful to me than torture. And there are many among us like me, who are not cowards, and will not obey your laws if they are not just laws, no matter how much you punish us.

Moses—There will always be rebellious spirits, sister; men who will not obey the law; but for every man who does not fear punishment, there are seven times sevenscore who do; and they will obey the law.

Miriam—The cringers will obey; the cowards will obey; the slaves will obey!

Moses—You do not understand the nature of law, sister, which is to give men freedom by prohibiting them from doing as they please; for if each man did as he pleased, it would please most men to do evil, and to impose hardships upon their brothers, who would have no freedom at all. And when you speak of ruling by love, does not love impose its laws? I have made many laws for the safety and health of Israel; laws of diet, and laws to prevent the spreading of sickness. Now if a man rises up against me and disobeys these laws, not he alone, but all Israel may suffer from his act; and for this he must be punished, and not loved. The mother who rules her child by love, and does not punish it when it disobeys her, spoils the child; the man who tries to rule the world by love, and does not punish the evil-doer, will build his palace upon quicksand; it will fall of its own weight, and crush him beneath it!

This dispute then branched off into an argument on the subject of graven images. Moses had ordered all images destroyed and had forbidden the people to make them under penalty of death.

Moses—If I permit the people to make images, at the first moment of danger, the first moment of doubt, they will abandon Jehovah, and make idols out of clay, and worship them, like the Egyptians. I shall not suffer any man to practice the craft by which a graven image of any living thing or form may be created.

Miriam—Are you out of your senses? Are none of us to do what we will, or to make what we will, without breaking a law?

Moses—You are not to make graven images, or Israel may bow down to them and worship them.

Miriam—Oh—so because you do not trust the people, Israel is to be a nation without artists, a nation without sculptors. Shall I tell you, then, what will happen to Israel? We shall become a nation of traders, like the Phoenicians, a nation of money-changers, a nation of userers!

Moses—Rather that, than a nation of idolators.

Miriam launched into a passionate defense of the arts which Moses answered by saying:

There is more than one good reason why I will not let anyone in Israel make images. I have noticed that the image-makers are generally the trouble-makers. They are the rebellious spirits, lazy, grumbling, discontented; and it was always so in Egypt, where they disobeyed the priests. But the men who fear the law are of a different stamp. They are industrious, they provide for their families; they are the backbone of Israel. They will farm the land of Canaan from early dawn until the sundown, that the soil shall yield its increase and the trees shall yield their fruit. Their threshing shall reach to the sowing time, and they shall eat their bread to the full, and dwell peacefully in the land. But we have yet to pass through the wilderness; we do not know what pitfalls lie in our path. And if the people murmur against me now, when we rest here in peace before Sinai, what will they do in the wilderness? You know our people. There are a hundred sons of Israel each one of whom thinks that he could lead us just as well as I can. To hold Israel together in the face of danger, I must have law and authority; they must fear me and obey me. So long as Israel has faith in Jehovah, my law and my authority will prevail. But if I let them make images, they will make other gods to worship, and we shall have not one leader, but a hundred; Israel will fall like a house divided against itself; our people will be scattered like lost sheep, and perish miserably in the desert. There is no more to be said, sister. I am Jehovah's servant; come what may, I shall lead Israel into Canaan and fulfill God's covenant with Abraham. The law shall be obeyed.

Yet while Moses was writing down the laws on Mount Sinai Miriam and Aaron made a Golden Calf for sacrifice. Moses, returning found his people worshipping the image and after meting out punishment declared:

I shall drive them into the desert. They shall lose all their possessions. They shall forget all they have learned of the Egyptians. I shall drive them through and through the wilderness until this uncleanness has passed from them; until they come to know God in their hearts. Then, and not till then, shall they enter the Promised Land.

So it was not until many years had passed that the Israelites reached Canaan. And even then, while Moses was offering a prayer of thanks the Elders began to quarrel among themselves. Joshua tried to quiet them.

Joshua—Will you heap ashes upon the head of our leader? (Moses, disturbed in his prayer, rises, scarcely believing the evidence of his eyes and ears. . . . he totters, and would fall, were he not supported by Caleb.)

Moses—Miriam, Miriam. . . . It is as she said.

Joshua—Come, lead us, Father, and we will go down.

Moses—(In a broken voice.) I shall not lead you, Joshua. Hear me, Israel, I appoint Joshua your leader. I cannot lead you further. My work is done.

Joshua—You will not come with us, Father? (The Elders cry: "Yes," "Come with us," "Lead us.")

Moses—Do not ask me to lead you, Elders. I, who have given judgment, am judged. I who have given punishment, am punished.

First Elder—What does he mean?

Joshua—(Aside.) Poor old man; he is so old, his mind wanders. We cannot spend time trying to persuade him to come with us. We will leave some old women here to look after him.

So the Children of Israel departed, leaving Moses, "a lonely, broken old man," on the heights above Canaan, to watch them pass without him into the Promised Land.

The All-Jewish Town, Tel Aviv

Impressions of a Non-Zionist

By E. David Goitein

THE very first question we were asked, no matter what the colony we were visiting, was always, "What is your impression of the country?" We had not been twenty-four hours in Palestine before it was put. It was one of the last questions before we left. As our impressions were changing from day to day, it was difficult to give any very definite answer. Having been away from Palestine for a month, we find things falling into proper perspective and we are able to give a much better reply to the question than we were at Rehoboth or Ir Ganim.

Impressions, of course, are subjective. Precisely the same phenomena will impress different observers in very different ways. The amazing divergence of opinion as to whether Palestine is a success or whether it is disappointing arises largely from the observer's point of view. Scientific observers like to have statistics to help them, but unfortunately Palestinian statistics are boiled and peppered before being dished up for human consumption. They are almost worthless. If, therefore, this sketch is to have any value as an attempted approach at the truth, it is necessary very briefly to state what was the point of view of the writer towards Palestinism (allow me the phrase) so that the reader may deduct from it what is due to personal bias. He was a non-Zionist, believing that Zionists had not envisaged the problem of Jewry as a whole and that they were content to sidetrack the main issues by asking for a home in Palestine which at the best could be a refuge for a very small minority of the Jews of the world, that Zionists had failed to supply any answer to the questions raised by the millions of Jews in the *galuth;* and that they had dragged into the dust the Zion of our dreams—the city of God—by offering us an Arab city in Palestine. He visited Palestine much as he might have visited Athens, because of its historical associations. To tread the ground where Socrates discoursed with Alcibiades, where Jeremiah dictated his words to Baruch, was an experience well worth while. He went, in short, to see the Palestine of the past. He found the Palestine of the future!

HIGHBROWS in Jerusalem and elsewhere unite in running down Tel Aviv. They claim that it is bourgeois, inartistic, European. You are at once declared to be a Philistine if you express a preference for it over Jerusalem. Tel Avivians themselves call their municipality "little Paris!" Tel Aviv has been built entirely by Jews. One Christian lives there, but he is merely the exception which proves the rule. A few years ago Tel Aviv was a sand patch without even a Bedouin tent upon it. Today there are very many streets and enough houses for 17,000 people. What names the streets have! There are Jehudah Halèvy, Bialik, Achad Ha-an Streets, to say nothing of Herzl Street and Rahalath Benjamin. There are one or two streets with horrible sounding names such as Popoosky Street, but attempts are already being made to get this altered.

There is no suggestion of town planning; houses are put up here, there and everywhere and follow no particular architectural plan. In any road no house bears the least resemblance to its neighbor. Palestinians are apt to object to this. But surely a Jewish town should express Jewish characteristics, and one such characteristic is undoubtedly individuality. The Jew may be clannish but he is never willing to drown his ego in the clan. This was our first impression of Tel Aviv. It was a town where individuality had run riot. The monotony of street upon street of houses, looking alike as two peas, to which we had become accustomed in London, Paris and elsewhere, gave way to the novelty of something new at every step. The public buildings were not very striking, with the exception of the gymnasium "Herzelia" (photographers, laundry owners, restaurant managers, agree in calling their establishments after the great Zionist leader) and the synagogue in Allenby Street. The latter is an excellent example of the big ideas to which Jews are prone, coupled with a surprising recklessness of detail. The synagogue was to be very large indeed and its architectural scheme praiseworthy. Jewish builders began erecting it and their funds ran out. It is still standing half-finished awaiting the Jew with sufficient imagination and money to complete it. Perhaps the half-finished synagogue symbolizes religion in Palestine—but that is another matter.

THERE was another very interesting peculiarity about Tel Aviv which struck us after the very first stroll through it. We had never conceived of the possibility of Jews being either policemen or bootblacks, porters or builders. In the free lands of the Galuth, Jews crowd into the professions, go on the stock exchange, or, newcomers from Eastern Europe, become tailors. Manual labor is not their forte. Yet no sooner has one alighted at Tel Aviv station than several burly Jews offer themselves as *Sabolim* (porters) while the first time one goes on foot one is met with the cry (if one is a tourist), "Shine, sir? Nice shine," from a bootblack. We shall have a word to say about the bootblacks later. The policeman, too, master of many tongues is a Jew, and highly efficient. Nowhere else in the world could one find a trilingual policeman, and in Tel Aviv he is as helpful and considerate as the world-famed English "copper."

Combined with this new-found ability to undertake the so-called menial work, the old desire to be a professional man is amply illustrated here. It has been said by an American wag who visited Palestine, that out of a population of 17,000 in Tel Aviv there are 18,000 doctors! There is not a single street which does not show a very large number of metal plates bearing the inscription "doctor" or "dentist" and in goodly numbers "barrister." Luckily for the inhabitants most of them have no practice!

ALTHOUGH Palestine has three official languages Tel Aviv has but one—Hebrew. That does not mean that all the inhabitants speak Hebrew. They do not. There are many people who speak mostly Russian, and occasionally Hebrew, others who speak German, a few English. We had one day made brave attempts to get our films developed and printed. We explained in the best Hebrew at our disposal what we wanted. *"Bitte . . . sprechen Sie Deutsch?"* German was the only language the clerk understood! All the

notices of the municipality are in Hebrew. Hebrew is the sole language of instruction in the schools. The society for the defense of Hebrew has its headquarters here, and there is scarcely a shop or public building which does not contain the slogan "Jew, speak Hebrew." The fact that a society is necessary to defend the language, the fact that parents speak one language and the children another, the fact that large numbers of recent arrivals speak a broken Hebrew based largely on literal translations from the Yiddish, makes language a conscious tool rather than an unconscious means of expressing ideas. This leads to a cramping of thought coupled with a galaxy of words, and this, in its turn, to superficiality. This was very obvious in Tel Aviv, but not so obvious in the new colonies and communal settlements. In the latter the old Yiddish-speaking people were not to be found. The young men and women were Hebrew speakers before they came to Palestine, and their patriotic sense of the fitness of things drives them to speak nothing else.

Tel Aviv boasts a public library. It is housed in a very little building and the number of people we saw reading there was extremely small. We understand that about 1,000 books are borrowed each week. There was a sprinkling of German, English, French and Russian works together with a goodly number of Hebrew books ancient and modern. We presume the Talmud is not often in demand, for when the librarian attempted to open the case which contained this work, he was unable to do so. There is plenty of time for reading in Tel Aviv. Hours of business are short and there is very little to do in the evening. Plays and operas are rare phenomena. Yet for all this we do not believe that the Tel Avivians are voracious readers. They prefer walking and talking. This is unfortunate. So long as there are no readers, there will be no writers. With scarcely any exceptions the great modern Hebrew writers are non-Palestinians. And even they, when they come to Palestine, leave off writing. Throughout all the years that Achad Ha-am has been living at Tel Aviv he has written nothing of importance. It was a common sight to see the famous poet, Bialik, walking along the streets of Tel Aviv with Shimonovitz, a young Hebrew poet, whose works are beginning to be read and talked about. Many Tel Avivians pointed him out to us, but scarcely a single one had read any of his poems.

THE general level of intelligence exhibited by the youths who had been brought up in Palestine seemed extremely high. We found the young people capable of discussing the most abstruse subjects. When we questioned them as to where they had been educated we invariably found that the gymnasium at Tel Aviv was their Alma Mater. Dr. Mossensohn, the head, is as much like Dr. Herzl in looks as one could possibly be. He speaks a splendid Hebrew and himself conducts the top class in Bible study. He makes use of the findings of the higher critics and the result is that those who have come under his hands do emphatically know their Bibles really well. It is a pity that no attempt is made to teach the New Testament.

All the teachers seemed full of enthusiasm. They appear to live on that alone, for their salaries, alas, remain, for very long, unpaid. We heard one extremely able teacher keep a class of about thirty boys and girls enthralled during a lesson on Jewish history. A nervous little professor teaches chemistry. The English master assured us that his charges were much more precocious and undisciplined than similar children in western Europe. The system of co-education, in spite of its critics, works well. It was not till we arrived in Tel Aviv that we met a young girl who had studied *Baba Mezia* and *Berchoth*, and another who had read Iln Ezra on the Bible. The gymnasium building is used for all the important meetings of the town. It was there that we saw the only play produced while we were in the country. It was in the gymnasium quadrangle that the socialist demonstration on May 1 took place, and one of the speakers talked for nearly an hour in the hopes that the chief speaker who was due from Jerusalem might in good time turn up!

MUCH might be written of the religious life of Tel Aviv, but it is quite obvious that our impressions after a short stay cannot be of much value in this sphere. On the other hand there were many things which leaped to the eye and needed no very long stay for one to grasp their significance. We will begin with the Tel Aviv Saturday. The younger generation look upon Saturday as a rest day not because "God rested upon it after all the work which he had done" nor "in memory of the exodus from Egypt," but simply and solely because it is a national holiday. There is no shop open in Tel Aviv on that day, with the exception of the photographer. There is no Saturday newspaper. There are no cars or bicycles in the streets; publicly, no one smokes. Everybody dresses in his or her Sunday best. The synagogues are very well attended, but scarcely by the rising generation.

Outwardly, then, Tel Aviv on Saturday must satisfy the most Puritan tastes. The other side of the picture, the Jew at home, would, no doubt, shock the orthodox. The younger people spend the day in going for walks. They take a banjo or some such noisy instrument and hum and sing to their hearts' content. Besides Hebrew songs and "Jewish" music, almost always reminiscent of Russian *hazanuth*, they will sometimes sing Arab songs either in Arabic or Hebrew, to the monotonous strains of Arabic music. On certain Saturdays the Haham Kashi lectures in the synagogue, the half-finished one of which we have spoken, and he is sure to attract an immense crowd. The Haham is a picturesque figure with his elaborate oriental turban, thick black beard and restless, dreamy eyes. He has a perfect delivery. After the war he went as Haham to Salonika, but returned very soon to Tel Aviv which he liked infinitely better. His is one of the few private libraries in Tel Aviv where one can find the Talmuds and medical responsa. There is a synagogue for the Hasidim, one for the Sephardim, one for the Ashkenasim, another frequented by Yemenites, but there is no "reform" or "liberal" synagogue. This is due not to the fact that all the Tel Avivians are rigidly orthodox, but to the fact that those who are not orthodox are indifferent or actually hostile to any public religious expression.

THERE is very little sport in Tel Aviv. The municipality which has laid out some beautiful public gardens is about to make some tennis courts. Nobody plays golf. Football—usually so-called in Hebrew—has no very large numbers of devotees, and we never saw or heard of anyone playing cricket. The *halutz* dance, which is apparently a Russian importation and is to be seen all over Palestine, is not done in Tel Aviv. On the other hand, copying the Western European, the Tel Avivians dance our ball room dances and there had grown up quite recently a craze for this sort of thing. Many people shake their heads over it and try to believe it is only a passing phase.

(Continued on page 148)

The Quandary of the Apostate Jew

By Max Heller

IT is no mere casual coincidence that the Jewish papers of the last summer offered in the same issue two items of news from outlying corners of the world which related the same kind of story. In Portugal, it was claimed, a group of Marannos who had professed Christianity for centuries was asking to be received back into Judaism; from Arabia a tribe of Mohammedanized Jews was making the same request.

It is matter of common knowledge that in Austria and Hungary, in Russia and Poland numbers of baptized Jews have recently come back into the fold, either because the previous pressure had been withdrawn or because disenchantment had brought its realizations of error. In Germany where, prior to the war, so many doting Jewish parents have had their children baptized in early infancy so as to spare them the martyrdom of prejudice and discrimination, it happens not infrequently that these children, when they grow up, blame their parents for the ridiculous and undignified role to which they have been condemned, inasmuch as, to the Gentile, they are still Jews, while, to the Jew, they have become strangers. In New York City the joke is commonly bandied about of the wealthy Jewish snobs who, having joined a fashionable Episcopalian church, complained to the rector of the lack of Christian fellowship on the part of their church brothers, whereupon he promptly introduced them, after the next service, to his other Jewish parishioners. It is said to be a fact, however, that, both in Hamburg and in Berlin, there is to be found a church consisting entirely of baptized Jews, the Christians having withdrawn long ago; at least there is trustworthy testimony to the effect that the baptized Jews of Hamburg, before the war, formed a social clique with which Christian and Jew had hardly any intercourse.

A strange persistence of social solidarity within, reinforced by stubborn prejudice without, holds together the various sects and groups which have lost touch with Judaism and fellow-Jews, whether from outward geographical or from inward spiritual causes, in the long procession of the centuries. Small groups, like the Samaritans and the Karaites, Falashas, Yemenites and Chinese Jews, Caucasian Jews and B'nai Israel have resisted assimilation and disintegration for ages upon ages; other groups that had been overborne by coercions of intolerance, the Chuetas of Majorca, the Donmehs around Salonica, the Frankists in Poland, preserve their separateness and individuality, in a way, despite themselves. Such strange groups as the subterranean Jews of North Africa, the Jewish tribes of Mount Atlas, illustrate the persistency of the Jewish bond; as the Sahara and Arabian deserts are opened up to exploration it is not impossible that some of the legends might be verified which tell of Mohammedanized Jewish tribes that have kept awake their Jewish consciousness.

AS an individual, the Jewish apostate plays a strangely tragic role in our history. Jewish humor, of course, has seized upon the scandalous insincerity of the average Meshumed in that well-known anecdote, one of the classics of Jewish self-satire: *"sag das dem Goy"* which is our equivalent of "tell it to the marines." It is good-natured satire, dealing out equal justice to credulous converter and to unprincipled convert; unvindictive as the Jew has always been towards his persecutors of centuries, he dismisses with a mere contemptuous shrug the hypocrisy of the spineless and the weak-kneed who bend the knee to Baal, be it for a livelihood, a professorship, a charge in the army or a marriage; it is perhaps for the same reason that our London and New York pulpits have no word of condemnation for the open desertion into Christian society of Jewish leaders or their children.

At times there are epidemics of such desertions, such as were witnessed at the end of the eighteenth century when the children of Moses Mendelssohn gave the evil example or in prewar Germany where it was claimed that in the University of Strassburg, for example, out of some thirty-five teachers of Jewish birth there was only one who had not had baptized either himself or his children, or in Vienna of the first decade of our century where a local Jewish journal, the *Oesterreichische Wochenschrift* attempted, in vain, to stem the current by pillorying the names of the culprits, week after week.

It was the Chief Rabbi of Vienna, the learned and cultured Dr. Guedemann, who originated the scornful epigram: *was abfällt ist Abfall* (it is the offal which falls off). Like all epigrams it is a half-truth, possibly only a one-third truth. Heine and Boerne, Disraeli and Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy were not offal; nor certainly were Edersheim, Neander and Veit, Paulus Cassel, Chwolsohn and Margoliouth or Ricardo, Stahl and Karl Marx, John Braham, Rachel and Sarah Bernhardt, Benfey, Bernays and Cohnheim. A great scholar, a brilliant artist, an eminent statesman, an ornament of literature, these may be marvelously gifted, personally charming, temperamentally kind-hearted people, yet void of religious convictions or too weak to resist a popular current; their inability to appreciate a historic heritage of martyrdom for a faith does not stamp them as worthless all around. Their falling away may signify no loss of strength in religious propaganda; it does involve a painful loss of prestige, a weakening of the ranks, sometimes an actual defection of religious leadership; an oratorio by Felix Mendelssohn substitutes feeble Christianization for what might have been deep-breathed Jewish religiousness.

TWO essential facts must be borne in mind which further weaken the force of Dr. Guedemann's depreciation of the Jewish convert. On the one hand, there have been genuine converts from Judaism by Christianity; no one, for instance, has ever called in question the sincere Christian faith of Neander, Edersheim or Veit; on the other hand, strange to say, some effective defenders of Judaism in times of virulent attack have arisen from the very ranks of these converts; men like Veit, Cassel, Chwolsohn have given weighty testimony in times of stress.

Yet one of the strangest phases in Jewish history is presented by the list of infamous maligners and black-hearted persecutors of their people that has been recruited from the ranks of the Jewish renegade. The repulsive story of these perverts starts with a Roman general, nephew or cousin of the philosopher Philo, Tiberius Alexander, under whose command the Ro-

man soldiery destroyed the Jewish quarter of Alexandria, killing some fifty thousand Jews. The story embraces all sorts of types: Pablo Christiani, Nicholas Donin and Geronimo de Santa Fe, who instigated public disputations for the undoing of their former co-religionists; such consciousless liars as Jacob Brafman and similar anti-Semitic tools who manufactured to order malicious fictions and forgeries from Jewish literature; the malodorous category of the "Mosser," the remorseless denunciator, which produced a monster like Azeff in Czarist Russia; it produces in our day anti-Semitic editors of Jewish prominence like Stanislav Stronski, editor of Paderewski's "Rzecz Pospolita" or like the redoubtable Artur Meyer, of the *Gaulois*, who died a few months ago, astounding Paris by his request for burial in a Jewish cemetery. A still more recent example is that of Madame Szederkeny, president of the League of Hungarian Women, anti-Semitic writer, daughter of the Chazan of Debreczin.

The hapless victims saw in all this appalling disloyalty no more than the fulfilment of a prophetic verse: "Thy destroyers and they that lay thee waste shall come out of thee." A more matter-of-fact explanation might be found in what has been called the polarity of the Jew, his vast range from extreme to opposite extreme; as he has it in him to rise to the loyalty that faces martyrdom without faltering, so he can also sink to the disloyalty which reaches the lowest depths of unnatural hatred.

PART of the tragedy of the Jewish convert is that, more and more, as the Jewish problem clears itself of its fogs, of its reluctances and mealy-mouthed pretences, conversion is seen to be senseless and futile. A Disraeli might be converted as a mere boy; might, in his mature years, address a gathering of bishops as a devout member of their flock, protesting himself, half piously, half mockingly "on the side of the angels;" yet a historian like Froude (and many others with him) sees the exotic alien, the oriental Jew, in his every novel or address, in his statesmanship and diplomacy; Heinrich Heine might denounce Judaism as a misfortune and sing a seraphic paean to the "mother of God" in his "Pilgrimage to Kevlaar"; yet Judaism has a clutch upon his soul which wrests outbursts of homage from him even long before he begins to face the eternal verities. The recent tale offered by the anonymous author of "Uncensored Recollections" may be apocryphal, to the effect that Disraeli, on his death-bed, murmured, "There is one God—of Israel;" but that Heine died a Jew, in faith and in spirit, can hardly be subject to doubt.

If the Jew doubts the efficacy of conversion, the ordinary Gentile is not far behind him in scepticism. There is yet to be written the biography of any converted Jew which does not try to explain a large part of his personality from his Jewish origin. A man of Jewish blood may be archbishop in a historic diocese, like Victor Kohn; to his clergy, to a large part of his flock, he remains a Jew. Another, Bernhard Derenburg, may be a Christian of the second generation; his signal ability cannot maintain him at the post in the cabinet for which he is needed; his blood constitutes an offence for which his professed faith is inadequate to atone.

Here bobs up the quandary of our apostates, an impossible situation which is bound to become more embarrassing with the years. What avails it to the Mendelssohns, to the Bleichroeders and their ilk that they have been baptized decades ago? To Professor Jordan, some years ago, when he warned a peace-convention against the "Unseen Empire," as to Henry Ford now, they belong to that dangerous group of "international bankers," meaning Jewish financial magnates, who are represented as juggling with peace and war in the interest of munitions and war-debts. What matters it whether Nihilist, Bolshevik, Anarchist have flung their Judaism overboard, bag and baggage, years ago, whether a Jewish commissary specializes in persecuting Jewish communities? To the non-Jew he is and remains a Jew; a Bela Kun, a Tibor Szamuely may have renounced his brothers, as well as his faith, in his early youth; when their misgovernment ends in Roumanian free-booting, it is the Hungarian Jew who must pay in the shape of massacres by the White Terror, just as, in Bavaria, the Jewish communities are made to suffer for the Raeterepublik of Eisner and Landauer, who were Jews in race, but not otherwise.

ONE of the most sensational episodes of the world-war was the killing of the Austrian Premier, Count Stoergkh, in a restaurant, by young Dr. Friedrich Adler, son of the Socialist leader, Victor Adler. In the course of the trial the word Jew was not uttered once, though Friedrich Adler, declared *"konfessionslos"* (without religion) in his boyhood, is a full-blooded Jew; yet it was utterly clear from the labored efforts of the prosecuting attorney to brand him an alien, void of all love for his fatherland, a cosmopolitan, bare of the sense of patriotism, that the jury was to account for the political crime as due to the Jews being "fatherlandless," as Stefan Zweig has it in his biography of Romain Rolland.

There is, of course, the "scientific" line of attack which does violence to anthropology in order to prove the Jews an inferior race, an obstacle and a handicap to modern civilization, which, according to the earliest set of fictionists, was Germanic and now is "Nordic," until, in connection with the Olympic games, we are called on to admire **"that fine little Nordic people**, the Finns," who, in reality, belong to the Ural-Altai family.

But the anti-Semite becomes impatient with science. Refractory archaeologists have disappointed him by failing to discover any mysterious Arian meaning in the history of his cherished Swastika; another science must come to the rescue; anti-Semitic microscopes promise to detect Jewish blood, nay, even the half-blood and the quarter-blood; this, at least, is threatened by the *Deutsch-völkisch* deputy, Everling, who is not satisfied with mere changes of the constitution.

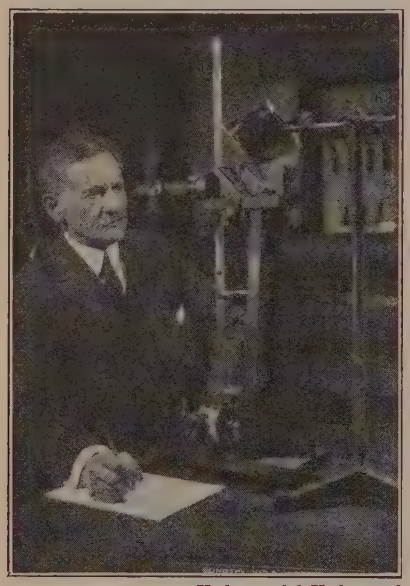
These changes, of course, as proposed in the party sessions, in the shape of a German-Jewish regulation in sixty-five paragraphs, ought, in all conscience, to sate the most extravagant of anti-Semitic yearnings. The "regulation" absolutely forbids foreign Jews from entering; foreign Jews now sojourning are given four weeks to leave; if they fail to go, their possessions are confiscated; German Jews, on the contrary, risk confiscation if they emigrate. They are to be excluded, not only from public office, but from the legal and theatrical professions; as physicians they may practice on their own people. From army and navy **they are shut out,** paying a compensatory tax; schools and academies must not admit them. All their writings, journalistic or other, are to be subject to a special censorship. Further drastic restrictions and exclusions are to apply to exchanges, factories, railroads, street cars, checks and firm names. The most statesmanlike provision in these fanciful proposals concerns the Jew and Jewess who, having been expelled, have dared to recross the border; they are simply to be hanged.

(Continued on page 149)

In the Public Eye

Michelson Checks Up on Einstein

NINE Jews have thus far been awarded the Nobel prize. Of these the only American (also the only American of any race or religious denomination to receive the prize for physics) is Albert A. Michelson. It is said that his experiments to determine the existence of "ether" in space were



Underwood & Underwood

PROFESSOR MICHELSON
He Won a Nobel Prize

probably the starting point of Einsein's Theory of Relativity. However that may be Professor Michelson is one of the world's greatest authorities on that theory and is at present engaged in elaborate experiments to test it. The University of Chicago considers these experiments so important that it is financing them at a cost of twelve thousand dollars.

Dr. Michelson has made a great number of invaluable scientific discoveries and is one of the foremost physicists in the world. In addition to the Nobel prize, which he received in 1907, he has been awarded the Rumford Medal, the Grand Prix at the Paris Exposition in 1900, the Copley Medal, of the Royal Society in London, and others. He is also a member of numerous learned scientific societies in all parts of the world and a contributor to the *Philosophical Magazine, Nature,* the *American Journal of Science* and others.

Dr. Michelson is a graduate of the United States Naval Academy, but has received degrees from several universities in this country and abroad. His studies have been directed particularly toward the subject of light. While still quite a young man he determined the velocity of light and his conclusions have been universally accepted.

Together with eight other American scientists appointed by the Department of State to represent this country, Dr. Michelson is now attending the Third Pan-American Scientific Congress at Lima, Peru (December 20, 1924-January 6, 1925). This is one of the highest honors that the government can bestow.

Dr. Michelson was recently made president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He has been the head of the Department of Psychics of the University of Chicago since 1892.

An Honorary M. A. From Yale

THE traditional picture of the Jew as a tight-fisted small merchant who never opens his fist except to grab more money is again rudely shattered. This time it is Adolph Ochs who refutes this old conception. Mr. Ochs is not a small merchant—he is not anything small—and far from grasping he has recently made a gift of $500,000. It is not a gift that will redound to any private interests but is a donation to the American Council of Learned Societies Devoted to Humanistic Studies. The money will be used for the purpose of preparing a Dictionary of American Biography similar to European works on biography. The Dictionary will appear in at least twenty volumes, the first to be published within four years and the rest to follow at the rate of three volumes a year.

Mr. Ochs has been connected with the publishing business from the time he was an eleven-year-old newspaper carrier and apprentice at Knoxville, Tennessee. Four years later he was a compositor; and at the age of twenty he became the publisher of a newspaper, the Chattanooga *Times,* of which he is still the proprietor. Since 1896 he has been the owner of the New York *Times,* and for some time has been a director and member of the Associated Press. He was made a Chevalier of the French Legion of Honor in 1919 and in 1922 received the honorary degree of M. A. from Yale, which is quite a creditable achievement for a Jew whose only formal education was received in the grammar school of a middle-sized Southern town shortly after the Civil War.

Pacific & Atlantic

ADOLPH OCHS
Gives Money to Societies Devoted to Humanistic Studies

A Rabbi-Diplomat

DIPLOMAT and rabbi; the words are not synonymous. We are accustomed to think of the rabbi as a follower of the Biblical prophets; men who boldly stated what they were thinking, who bluntly denounced evils and demanded rights. Diplomats are men of a different stripe, men who are cautious in their demeanor, guarded in their speech. Yet in Rabbi Joseph S. Kornfeld the two types have been happily combined.

Rabbi Kornfeld, who had been connected with congregations in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and Columbus, Ohio, was appointed minister to Persia by President Harding in 1921. There for three years he successfully administered American affairs during a very difficult period. After his resignation from the diplomatic service this year Rabbi Kornfeld accepted a call to a

Underwood & Underwood

RABBI KORNFELD

He was United States Minister to Persia

congregation in Toledo, Ohio, where he is demonstrating that a good minister in the political sense can be no less a very adequate minister theologically speaking.

Rabbi Kornfeld was born in what was then Austria-Hungary but was brought to this country when he was a small child and educated here. He is a graduate of the Hebrew Union College and a B. A., University of Cincinnati. For two years he was corresponding secretary of the Central Conference of American Rabbis. While he was the rabbi of B'nai Israel Temple, in Columbus, Ohio (1907-21), he was made a member of the Commission of the Department of Public Recreation and Social Education, and was elected to the Charter Commission of Columbus. In 1915 he became a member of the Columbus Board of Education and was elected president in 1918. He has also been a lecturer for the Redpath Chautauquas and president of District Number 2, B'nai B'rith.

"A Name to Conjure With"

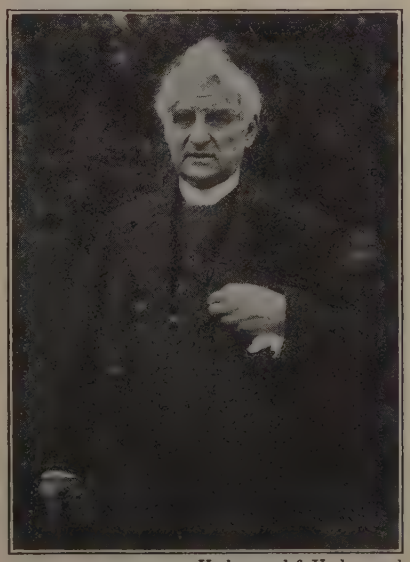
BELASCO is a familiar name; more than a name, it is a familiar word. For years it has appeared on the billboards of the country in the formula "David Belasco presents——"; it has stared the public in the face from bold newspaper headlines, from the columns of dramatic critics, and the pages of weekly and monthly magazines of all kinds; it has been used as an adjective —a Belasco setting—sometimes, even, as a verb, to Belasco a scene. And now is is appearing in still a new setting—on the roll of the Legion of Honor of the Republic of France.

Consul General André Brouzet, acting for Ambassador Jules Jusserand, notified Mr. Belasco at the Belasco Theater that he had been made a Chevelier in recognition of his distinguished services to the cause of art. Addresses were delivered by Firmin Gemier of the Theater National de l'Odeon of France, Otto H. Kahn, and Harry Stubbs, on behalf of the Lambs Club.

David Belasco was born in San Francisco sixty-five years ago. He began his work in the theater as stage manager of Baldwin's Theater in his native city. In 1880 he went to New York where for seven years he was stage manager of the Madison Square Theater. Later he was connected with the Lyceum, and now is owner and manager of the Belasco Theater.

The list of famous actors whom he has presented is long and impressive. Among the celebrated names are E. H. Sothern, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Henrietta Crosman, Blanche Bates, David Warfield, Frances Starr, Ina Clair, Fay Bainter, Lenore Ulrich, and many others.

But beside being a great producer Mr. Belasco is also a very successful and prolific dramatist. He has written some fifteen plays or more and adapted a number of others. Some of the best known of his plays are "The Return of Peter Grimm," "The Girl of the Golden West," and "The Son-Daughter" in which George Scarborough collaborated.



Underwood & Underwood

DAVID BELASCO

Chevelier of the Legion of Honor

Underwood & Underwood

JULIUS ROSENWALD

Famous for His Philanthropies

"Ask Rosenwald"

IN Chicago, when anything is wanted for a charitable or educational purpose the first thought of those who collect funds is, "ask Rosenwald." Those who have heard Rosenwald refuse—either to serve or to give—are very few indeed. Nor does Julius Rosenwald always wait to be asked; many are the times that he has given on his own initiative, that he has started funds and helped collect them.

The latest evidence of his generosity and desire to further the cause of learning is the gift of $25,000 to the Field Museum in Chicago. The gift, which will be known as the Julius and Augusta Rosenwald Fund, is a tribute to Edward Ayer, first president of the museum, on the occasion of his eighty-third birthday. The money will remain in trust. The donor tied no strings to it in the matter of how it should be spent, but Mr. D. Davis, director of the museum, has indicated that the income of the fund will be used to obtain desired additions to the North American Indian collections.

Another of Mr. Rosenwald's notable acts during the past year is the establishment of the Sears-Roebuck Agricultural Research Foundation. This is a public service organization the purpose of which is to gather facts concerning the condition of agriculture throughout the country and to give these facts to farmers.

The negroes have been particular beneficiaries of Mr. Rosenwald's kindness. He has stimulated the construction and contributed part of the total cost ($2,570,000) of thirteen colored Y. M. C. A. and two Y. W. C. A.

(Continued on page 148)

Silbermann

By Jacques de Lacretelle

The fourth installment of the French prize novel

SILBERMANN is persecuted by school fellows primarily because he is a Jew; but his intelligence and literary gifts also excite the envy of the brighter boys while the keen wit with which he defends himself against the assaults of the more dull-witted only arouses a more intense feeling against him. His only friend and would-be protector is the writer of the story who is actuated by admiration of Silbermann's gifts as well as by a lofty desire to sacrifice himself for the sake of a representative of a down-trodden race. In so doing he is not only forced to give up the valued friendship of Philippe Robin, but also is ostracised by all the boys in the school. His parents, too, are antagonistic toward Silbermann whom they consider too precocious and self-important, but the son remains loyal. At the same time a campaign is being carried on against the Jews by a league known as the "Frenchmen of France," of which Philippe Robin's uncle is an organizer. Philippe distributes anti-Semitic badges, and in the school the persecution of Silbermann becomes increasingly violent. One day at school his tormentors trip Silbermann and he falls heavily on the ground. His friend assists him to the infirmary where, under the ministrations of one of the Sisters, he soon recovers and insists upon leaving without a word to anyone.

WE went the same way back, Silbermann talked volubly. He had regained his pride and asked me, with an air of triumph, if I had noticed La Béchellière's long, scandalized face while he was reciting. Then he began to laugh at the thought of the Sister, who was probably looking everywhere for us. He turned towards the infirmary and, wrinkling up his features, he parodied her in a trembling voice:

"I'll give him a nice hot drink."

This fooling annoyed me. I remembered the words of the evangelist: "A faithless and perverse generation. . . ."

"Do shut up," I said to him impatiently.

It was the first time that I had spoken rudely to him. He raised surprised eyes to mine. And all of a sudden, with a change of tone and expression, he put up his hand to his chest and said: "I believe I'm going to have another choking fit."

The violent scene in the yard had been witnessed by a tutor. On account of the dangerous consequences that might have followed, the aggressor was severely punished, and the affair made such a stir that no one dared to persecute Silbermann openly after that. His enemies, however, did not lay down their arms, but merely changed their tactics. We were both sent to Coventry. Nobody spoke a word to us, either during break or in form. Groups would draw aside in stony silence as we went by. Now, when I walked in the yard with him, having no further reason to defend him, I tried to improve him, for this was also my mission. I wanted him to rid himself of this continual desire to make a fuss, to speak, to draw attention to himself. In an oblique way I recommended inward reserve and discretion, those principles which had been preached so fruitfully in my own family.

"Don't you feel a particular pleasure," I said to him, "in keeping secret some feeling; in carefully hiding all your thoughts and desires from other people?"

But more often than not, he listened to my advice with a cunning air, as if this moral counsel provoked some mocking *arrière-pensée.*

I soon noticed that Silbermann felt our banishment keenly. The absence of discussion was an unbearable privation to him. He would cast almost melancholy glances towards those who had attacked him not long since, as if he regretted the continued feud against them. For my part I was little pleased by this tranquil state of affairs which demanded no more dangerous services of me. For in the desert which was created about us Silbermann's little oddities seemed to loom larger—that is to say, I noticed them more distinctly. Often when I was with him his physical characteristics, his gesticulations, his voice, got so much on my nerves that I compared myself with Robinson Crusoe isolated in the company of Friday. . . .

Our talks together languished, but, to tell the truth, this was partly my doing. Every year as the holidays drew near, with a mean cunning that I did not admit to myself, I used to detach myself from the friends I had made at the *lycée.* I did not want to suffer too much from the separation of the coming months, and so, towards the middle of June, in anticipation of the dead season, I prudently regulated my feelings and my affections.

CHAPTER V

EACH summer Aiguesbelles presented the same methodically ordered appearance. One would have said that a higher power had assigned to all the inhabitants of the place an exact duty, from which they would never waver until the moment of their death.

My grandfather looked after his property with an undeviating care. Every day before sunset, whatever the weather, he would drive out to inspect his vines, following the paths specially made in the tilled ground, and which he alone used. From a distance one could see his figure, which remained rigid in spite of the jolts, and which stood out against the horizon.

My grandmother was always on the move in spite of her age. From morning till evening she was busy in the farm and the silkworm nursery, her pleasant face and fresh cheeks shaded by a simple peasant's hat. Perpetually preoccupied with the welfare of the estate, she would decide on changes which were immediately put into effect, but not without a hand from her, for she was always bubbling with activity. Whenever we surprised her by chance doing nothing, she was so ashamed that she would be quite distressed, and she would go away after saying to us: "I must leave you, children; I have so much to do! . . ."

My mother's duty to these two people was to render them a perfect love. I wonder whether her scrupulous conscience did not reproach her with treason towards her parents for the love which she bore my father, and if each year she did not return to Aiguesbelles

with the feeling of a child who seeks forgiveness.

Under this tradition of austerity mingled with sweetness, duty had an exquisite savor. I liked solemnly to set myself little secret tasks which I strove to carry out well. Only at dusk when work ceased on the estate, I would go to my room to rest.

My room was at the top of the house. The walls were whitewashed and the carpet had a pattern of red squares. Hanging on the wall was a picture at which I often looked. It was a large photograph of one of my uncles, an elder brother of my mother's, who was dead, and whom I had never known, but whose wild look and mysterious fate haunted my thoughts.

My mother had many stories about him. She had told me how she remembered, amid her confused childhood's impressions, the scenes she had witnessed when this brother, at the age of eighteen, in obedience to a strange vow of renunciation rather than with the desire for adventure, had run away from home, "to carry out my mission," as he had written; but what it was he knew not. She had told me that when the run-away had come back several months later he maintained an attitude of obstinate silence on the subject of his mysterious vocation, almost to the point of cursing his parents who tried to hold him back. Finally I learned that at the age of twenty-two he joined a group of missionaries who were bound for Madagascar, and was drowned at sea.

I could see nearly the whole of the estate from my window, and I liked to stand looking out from it at the close of day. I could hear the trampling of the flock returning to the sheepfold. On one side I could see the parallel rows of vines stretching into the distance; on the other side the mulberry grove and the plantation of olive trees. And as I observed the richness of the land which God had bestowed on me, I would be filled with a sense of thanksgiving.

"To do good . . . to do good . . ." I would murmur.

"Whom can I save? To whom can I dedicate myself?" I would ask.

I would ask the question of my uncle's portrait, and in so fevered a state that I imagined I saw in the shadows of the picture the lips of the young missionary dictating an answer.

During the holidays, Silbermann, who had perhaps felt the coolness of our relations and was disturbed thereby, never allowed me to forget him, and wrote to me frequently.

He was travelling with his father on a motor tour through France, and his letters, which were full of detail, described the places which he visited. He delivered critical judgments on the country and the people, and so rare is this faculty among boys of our age that it seemed to me a proof of a superior brain. Thanks to his extraordinary memory—thanks too, no doubt, to the ease of mind free from all ties—he quickly assimilated all that passed before his eyes and constructed vast pictures which swamped my narrow vision. His letters were crowded with historical references and literary quotations. The one which he wrote from Amboise gave me a picture of the court of the Valois—a picture redolent of blood and poison, well calculated to justify the feeling of aversion with which the Saint-Barthélemy dynasty inspired me. It also amused him to imitate the style of celebrated writers. He accomplished this to perfection—too well, in fact, according to the opinion of one of our masters, as I have told. When he was at Chinon he wrote me several pages in the language of Rabelais, which amused me exceedingly.

He held forth on monuments and objects of art with a wealth of knowledge which he explained was due to his father's profession. I was much struck by the interest which the latter took in religious buildings. I learned that he went miles out of his way in order to visit little country churches, and I attributed this peculiarity to his artistic tastes—all the more so because in his letters Silbermann evinced developments of an enthusiasm for religious architecture.

I myself had always been insensible to the beauty of this art. A cathedral, however grand it might be, had always made the same effect on me, under its shell of sculptured stone, as a prehistoric monster, a unicorn or a dragon preserved throughout the ages. I could find nothing comprehensible in it, and regarded it simply with a vague curiosity.

One of Silbermann's letters was a revelation to me on this subject. He was staying for a few days in a town celebrated for its cathedral sculptures, and he described these to me in complete detail. He showed me that this multitude of scenes and ornaments, which seemed so confused to my eyes, reproduced all the spiritual and material knowledge of the workers of the middle ages. He made all that was inscribed on the stones intelligible to me, and, interpreting one by one the subjects of the religious scenes, commenting on the pose of each statue and tracing it back to the legend of its original, he gave me a wonderful picture of the mystical thought of this period. Then he went on to the sections which dealt with the life of man, and showed me the bas-reliefs which depicted the cycle of rural toil—labor, seed-time, harvest, vintage . . . he did not pass over the smallest stone. He even went as far as describing to me the garlands of leaves, composed entirely, as he said, of plants which grew in the district; and he drew a comparison between this humble and rustic decoration and the naïve faith which expressed itself in religious aims.

In reading this letter I had a similar impression to that which I had received as I heard Silbermann reciting the verses from *Iphigénie* in form. It was as though a ray of light had been thrown on all these monuments my ideas of which hitherto had been so blurred. I recalled their slender ogives, their perfect rose-work, their delicate galleries ornamented at the roof, and this art suddenly seemed charming to me. Confronted by these visions I was astounded for a moment, as by a starlit sky on a clear evening after nights of fog.

After having had this letter I remembered something that Silbermann had said to me one day: "Can't I understand these things as well as Montclar or Robin? Don't I appreciate them more than they do?"

And to think that he, who read France's traditions like an open book, should be treated as a stranger! That he, who penetrated to the deepest qualities of our soil, should be almost driven from the country! This senseless attitude aroused my indignation. I compared it to that which long ago had occasioned the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and finally lost to France—as I had heard many a time—her noblest and most industrious subjects.

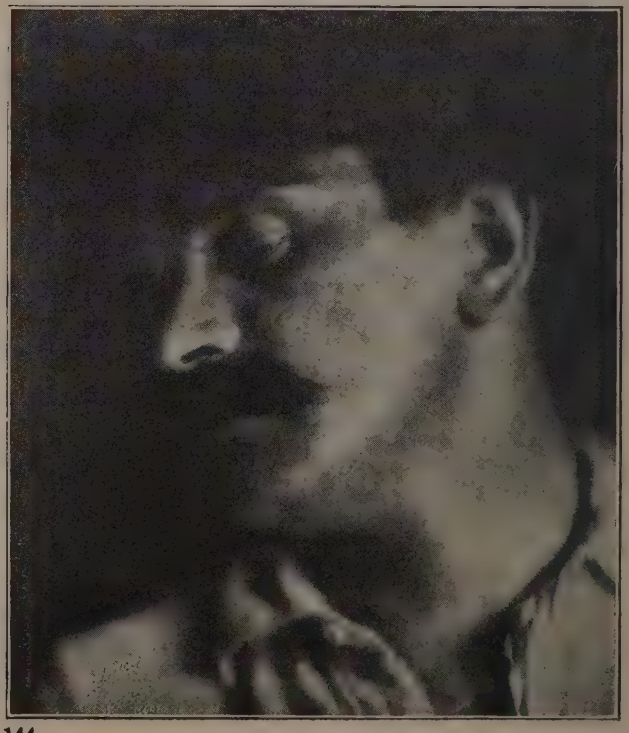
This return of sympathy greatly strengthened my mind in favor of Silbermann's cause. Before I left Aiguesbelles, I swore, looking straight into the eyes of my uncle's portrait, never to fail at my mission at any point.

I had hoped that with a new school year, and all the changes it entailed, the situation with regard to Silberman at the *lycée* might be modified. But the membership of the form was practically the same. On the first day of the term Philippe Robin passed me by without a look. The hatred and

(Continued on page 148)

News in Views:

Presented here are the authors of four interesting books of recent publication. Emanie Sachs (above, left) is represented by a first novel, "Talk." Ben Hecht (above, right) has just published two novels, "Humpty Dumpty" and "The Kingdom of Evil." The humorous stories of Sam Hellman (below, left) have come out in a collection entitled "Low Bridge and Punk Pungs." A late volume of short stories by Konrad Bercovici (below, right) is called "Iliana."



Jewish Writers, Immigrant Students in B'nai B'rith Classes, a Musician and a Famous Engineer

The B'nai B'rith is doing much to aid the Jewish immigrants in Mexico. Above, left, is shown a group of Jewish students who are being instructed in Spanish by representatives of the Order. Rabbi Meyer Lipman (above, right), recently elected Departmental Chaplain of the American Legion for the state of Illinois, is probably the first Jew to hold such a position. The new department of Jewish Music at the Hebrew Union College has been put under the direction of Dr. Abraham Z. Idelsohn (below, left). Dr. Karl Arnstein, designer of the new ZR-3 recently came to this country to build more Zeppelins of the same type. Dr. Arnstein is a Jew born in Czecho-Slovakia.

Underwood & Underwood

The Printed Page

Good Fun

The Unseemly Adventure, by Ralph Straus. (Henry Holt and company.)

WHEN the irresistible force called "The Unseemly Adventure" meets an immovable body in the form of what is known as a grouch, what happens? Why, it begins to appear that the body was not immovable after all: the lips start to curve upward, and sometimes they emit a chuckle, the shoulders even may heave, and the face assumes a happy, roguish expression. "The Unseemly Adventure" not only makes you wish you were one of the parties to it, but makes you want to go right out and have an unseemly adventure of your own.

Only what would an unseemly adventure be like without Mr. Appleby Magnus? Mr. Magnus is a unique and fascinating personality not to be described in the ordinary terms of how much he weighs and how much he drinks (though the figures in both cases are quite large), or what classics he reads or how classically he swears (he does both with the utmost zest), or how kindly his spirit and how fantastic his lies. He is, according to George Jean Nathan, "a combination not so much of Falstaff and Rabelais . . . . as of the Old Soak, Baron Münchhausen and Mencken;" and John Farrar says that he is "Bacchus come to life."

It was he who took the mild, studious Humphrey Dorsett in hand, gave him the time of his life, and made a new man of him; he who prevented a suicide; he who was instrumental in bringing about two marriages; he who, in the course of these machinations, had a glorious, carefree and convivial time roaming the country in a caravan. A truly remarkable man.

But not all the charm of the book is contributed by Mr. Magnus. Some of it comes from Dr. Peltworth, the very dynamic parson, from the irrepressible Morland family, even from sleepy Queensfield, where nothing ever happens, and certainly from those bits of the English countryside which have got embedded in the pages of the book.

Mr. Straus's tale is not an adventure story in the movie sense of the word. No dangers are run, except the danger of catching cold by sleeping out doors in the rain; nothing is smashed except some conventions; there are no thrilling escapes except Humphrey's escape from his own lethargy. The reader is not startled up out of his chair or frightened into looking under the bed; but neither is he bored for an instant nor hurt by having his reader's intelligence insulted. "The Unseemly Adventure" is an admirable story, admirably told.

Successful First Novel

Talk, by Emanie N. Sachs. (Harper and Brothers.)

RUSSIAN realism, in the words of critics, lecturers and college students, is always "stark." American realism, up to date, appears to have no trade-marked name; so may we propose the adjective "hard?" Hard in the sense of bald, shorn of embellishments, unsweetened by any flavor of romance; not gloomy with the tragic gloom of the Russians, but full of the sordidness of things.

This is the pattern out of which "Talk" is cut: realism, American brand. It is fashioned with no small degree of skill, along the most up-to-date lines.

"Talk" is the story of a woman who has convictions but no courage. Back in the 1890's, when Delia is left a penniless orphan, she is in advance of her times in going out into the world —that is, as far Main Street in a little Kentucky town—to earn her living. The townspeople, self-constituted censors, have the choice between considering this daring move heroic or decidedly unrefined. They adopt the former as the easiest solution to the problem of what to do about Delia. But when she is married it is unanimously decided that she must give up this rather "common" employment and assume woman's proper place in the home despite the fact that home was never like Delia's. The town knows, as well as Delia, that she is a bad housekeeper and a good storekeeper, but it stands on the side of convention, and Delia, fearful of talk, leaves her store where she is happy for the terrors of a cookstove and dust-cloths and brooms. She struggles unsuccessfully against the talk and the household drudgery of that day, but eventually becomes such a slave to both that years later when women call themselves "emancipated" and Delia is hailed as a pioneer she finds herself as far behind the times as she was once in advance.

The characters of Delia and her husband are developed with exceptional skill and understanding, and the small town background shows up well even in this day when small town backgrounds sprout in every second novel. It must be admitted, however, that the day when the livery stable was the men's social center is portrayed more convincingly than the epoch of the country club. The "original" parties of the 90's (when the house was decorated to represent a train or a wigwam or a battleship) ring more true than the flapper dances where the bootleg liquor flows and the girls wear chiffon dresses and no petticoats. (It is a wise—and rare—author who knows his own flapper, by the way.)

Nevertheless, the chief characteristic of "Talk" is its honesty of purpose; it is forthright and sincere. Also it is an able piece of work. What more should be expected of a first novel?

Stories of Far-off Peoples

Iliana: Stories of a Wandering Race, by Konrad Bercovici. (Boni and Liveright.)

IN THESE practical and literal days, when the phonograph, the moving picture, the radio, have nullified time and space and done away with so much of the mystery of the unknown, it is with pleasurable surprise that we find a book which describes places we seldom see in the travelogs, one which records sounds that we cannot pick out of the air by means of a five-tube super-acme-supreme receiving set, and tells of happenings that are foreign even to our vicarious experience. If you sometimes wonder if the thrill you feel when seeing views of Siam or getting Station XYZ, two thousand miles away, is as great as that of the people of the middle ages on those rare occasions when they heard tales of the great world from the lips of a wandering minstrel, then you should enjoy Konrad Bercovici's "Stories of a Wandering Race" and a remote race—both geographically and emotionally.

Mr. Bercovici's gypsy stories are well known. They are probably unexcelled in modern fiction for their vividness and the sympathy with which they are told. Mr. Bercovici knows the

gypsies; he has lived with them, wandered with them, and, more than that, he has felt with them. His ability to recreate them and their lives on paper has produced some memorable short stories.

"Iliana" is a collection of eleven stories, each of which has received the highest ranking—that of three stars—given by Mr. Edward J. O'Brien, who annually picks the all-American short story team for the Boston *Evening Transcript*. The title-story, "Iliana," is exceptionally well done, as are also "Muzio" and "Happiness," but any one of them is well worth attention. All of them are intensely colorful, intensely virile. They are characterized by a simplicity, a directness and felicity in the choice of detail that paint the most vivid picture in the smallest number of words.

The Subject of Peace

Ways to Peace, with an Introduction by Esther Everett Lape, and a Preface by Edward W. Bok. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

WHEN it is remembered that peace is the only subject that now rivals the Bible in the voluminousness of the literature upon it, one book more or less can make little difference. The various peace foundations have printed tons of pamphlets on this all-absorbing topic; yet today we seem as far from actual international amity as we ever were, and our forests and climate are poorer for the consumption of wood to make the paper.

Possibly there are no formulae by the application of which peace may be obtained, nor may any scheme possess any value. Friendship cannot be made or order, but must be a spontaneous creation of a relationship between two or more persons; similarly International Peace of a permanent character can come only when men and nations think in the broadest of human, not in national or individual terms. It is, however, interesting to read the various devices, which the authors believe will secure lasting peace. At least the spirit of the writers is commendable, and one must admire the earnest men and women, like Mr. Bok, who really desire that war should be a thing of the past. In his preface, the founder of the Peace Prize frankly admits he has little hope that his project will achieve the desired end.

The book possesses value in that it gives hints and to some extent represents the best thought of the day. There is quite a variety of schemes and of authorship, (twenty plans selected out of twenty-two thousand submitted) as the following few titles indicate: Organization of Nations, Outlawry of War, Co-operation, International Criminal Court, and so on, while the list of names boasts among others, that of Gutzon Borglum, sculptor, Simeon Strunsky, writer, Chas. W. Eliot, president-emeritus of Harvard, and Nathan Isaacs, professor of law. Miss Lape has given a readable foreword. F. L.

Hebrew Poems

Poems from the Hebrew, by Chaim Nashman Bialik. Edited by L. V. Snowman, with an introduction by Vladimir Jabotinsky. (Hasefer, London.)

THIS little collection of about half a hundred poems of the greatest living Hebrew writer, well chosen and excellently translated, offers to the reader who is not at home in the Hebrew original a splendid opportunity for acquaintance with the "sweetest singer in Israel," since Jehudah Ha-Levi. Bialik's work falls into several periods from his youthful revolt to his present silence, and all phases of the author's work are represented in this garland. To be sure one misses in the translation the author's uncanny ability, amounting to superlative genius, in his use of the ancient tongue, almost Biblical in purity of diction, and spareness of construction, which, however, does not lose the plasticity that belongs to a great literary language like English or French. Bialik's influence on Hebrew letters and thought has been immense; his has been the leadership that falls to a prophet of a new era. He it was who roused Russian Jewry, after pogroms had almost deadened its vitality, he it was who was the herald of a new era in the new homeland of Palestine, where he now lives in modest seclusion, disappointed at the turn of events and mute, let us hope, however, not for long.

It is of course impossible in such small compass, to show Bialik's tremendous versatility; he can be gay or sober, he can sing or weep, he can talk to the child or to the sage—in short there seems no end to his many-sidedness—he is lyricist, epicist, essayist—he can write in rhyme or in free verse—and all is surpassingly beautiful.

An occasional translation of a single poem of Bialik has appeared in a journal here and there. While we welcome this longer anthology, it is to be regretted that Maurice Samuel's version of the "Dead in the Wilderness," which appeared in Vol. VIII, No. 5 of the *Menorah Journal*, was not included. This is by far the best bit of the great poet we have in English. Let it not be assumed, however, that we are not grateful of Mr. Snowman's attempt to introduce a Hebrew poet to the English reading world. F. L.

Scholarly Essays

Studies in Judaism, Third Series, by S. Schechter. (Jewish Publication Society.)

THE six essays on a variety of subjects of Jewish interest and a seventh lecture on "Jewish Philanthropy," reconstructed from the notes of one of Dr. Schechter's students, nearly all taken from the literary remains of the late scholar and leader of conservative Judaism, are gathered into final book form. This volume was compiled by Prof. Alexander I. Marx of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America and by Frank I. Schechter, son of the famous father. Three of the papers are published here for the first time, viz: "Jewish Saints in Medieval Germany," "Abraham Geiger" and "Zunz." Three others, "The Talmud," "As Others Saw Him" and "On the Study of the Talmud," have appeared before.

Those who are at all acquainted with the first two series of studies, will be very grateful for this companion volume, though they must be saddened by the thought that there will be no more of these delightful, scholarly and brilliant essays on Jewish life and thought, by this master who so beautifully combined great learning with literary charm—that rare union, which, whenever consummated, is singularly happy.

The wide range of thought covered by these papers is indicated in the titles. Whatever Dr. Schechter touched, whether it was the dry Talmud, or Geiger, the leader of the reform movement, or Zunz, the father of modern scholarship in the field of Judaism, or aspects of the life of Jesus, or the German mystics, or other subjects, his treatment reveals the master's hand and live and glow and inspire. After reading any of Prof. Schechter's studies one comes away with a better understanding and a finer appreciation of Judaism and Jewish values.

Not all the essays in this last volume of "Studies in Judaism" are on the same plane. Those on the Talmud and on the Jewish German saints are easily the best. Jew and Gentile can both profit in the reading. The disquisitions on Geiger and Zunz are perhaps less good than the other chap-

ters in the book. The Conservative in Dr. Schechter is at times, though from his point of view, not unjustly, a little impatient of the leader of the reform movement to whom political equality was the chief aim of life and who sought to modernize the Jew, by making him like his European neighbor, but who as time has shown, paid the price, in loss of Jewish intensity. The estimate of Zunz is correct and loving, and the debt that all Jewish scholarship owes to the German pioneer noted; yet the treatment lacks fulness and the felicity so characteristic of the dead master. The article on Jesus reveals again the thorough Jewish point of view and as such is recommended to our Christianizers. It is a matter of deep regret that the author did not live to write the much needed volume on Jewish Philanthropy, which the notes promised and which task he could have done so well.

Jewish Literature is the richer for Dr. Schechter's studies and explorations, and Jewish life the deeper for his having directed some of its currents. Surely all must sorrow that his career has come to an end.

F. L.

"Ask Rosenwald"

(Continued from page 141)

buildings. He has also worked for negro rural public schools and contributed toward them $1,500,000.

In 1917 he gave $1,000,000 for the relief of war sufferers in eastern Europe. In the interests of education he gave $700,000 to the University of Chicago on his fiftieth birthday and in 1918 contributed $500,000 toward the Medical School.

Besides giving money so lavishly, Mr. Rosenwald has not spared his services. During the war he was appointed by President Wilson a member of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense and acted as chairman of the committee of supplies. He was a member of the special mission in France for the Secretary of War in 1918, and the next year acted in the second National Industrial Conference.

Silbermann

(Continued from page 143)

spite were still there; the boycott was to go on.

Our new master was an old man who was hardly at all interested in what he taught. His chief amusement was to observe the effect of the different boys' temperaments upon each other, and to watch the play of trivial passions. To him we were marionettes to whom he maliciously distributed blows from time to time.

Silbermann's face and gestures, and the little drama of which he was the centre, appealed to him at once. He saw in him an actor who would give him a good entertainment, and kept his eye on him.

Silbermann and I resumed our former intimacy. Through fear of my parents I avoided bringing him often to the house, but I went to his nearly every day.

On one occasion I was present at a scene there which I have not forgotten.

(To be Continued)

The All-Jewish Town, Tel Aviv

(An Account of an Experiment—Continued from Page 137)

A great place for dancing is the Casino, built on the shore and bearing a poetical name which may mean either "Spring Waves" or "The Waves of Tel Aviv." We would scarcely have thought of mentioning this insignificant little building had not we been asked from Can to Beer Sheba, "Have you been in the Casino?" There is nothing very original or Jewish about the building—not about the food—not about the dancing—nor about the orchestra.

From the material point of view Tel Aviv is the most comfortable place in Palestine. There is plenty of clean water. There is electric light—even the streets are lit with electricity—but lights go out at 11 p. m. The streets and houses are clean with none of the odors one enjoys in Jerusalem. There are shops where one can buy what one wants without endless bargaining. There are excellently kept public baths. There is a cinema. There are several hotels and residences where one can get really good food, including—what we believe to be a specific Palestinian Jewish discovery—*ribbah*, a kind of orange preserve. People seem to live in Tel Aviv by "taking in one another's washing," and by putting up tourists. There appears to be no local industry. Of course there are Jaffa oranges, but it seems that the boxes for packing them are not made in the vicinity. For all that everybody appears happy and some wonderfully chubby babies are produced there.

TEL AVIV is go-ahead and progressive. It advertises itself in order to attract visitors. If we are not mistaken, the operas performed while we were in Palestine, in Hebrew, namely "Faust" and "Romeo and Juliet" were both produced in Tel Aviv before they were taken to Jerusalem. It was in Tel Aviv, too, that we saw a Hebrew performance of Molière's "Le Médicin Malgré Lui"—badly produced, but that by the way.

Since everything in Tel Aviv is done by Jews, it is not surprising that the thief in Tel Aviv is a Jew, too! Nor is he an ordinary thief! Just before we arrived, on a Friday night, our boarding-house had been broken into and a deal of clothing had been stolen. Three weeks later the thief was arrested. It was discovered that while he was in employment he had regularly sent money or food to his poverty-stricken parents in Poland; having lost his employment through no fault of his own, he saw no means of helping his parents but by theft. Yet he had kept a full account of the things he had stolen and the places from which he had stolen them, intending to return them when he had the money. Truly, a Jewish thief! We were more than once in the Jaffa court, but we do not remember having ever heard a criminal case in which a Jew was implicated.

There are class distinctions in Tel Aviv, as there are in most other towns of the world, though perhaps not so noticeable as elsewhere. The extremes of wealth and poverty are never in evidence as they are elsewhere. There are no slums, but in the aforementioned Popoosky Street there are families living in none too hygenic quarters. We have said that even the bootblacks are Jews. This is literally true, but one ought to add the adjective Yemenite before the word Jews. Much of the menial word is done by these Arab-looking, chocolate-colored men. It is invariably such an undersized Arab of the Jewish persuasion who is the bootblack.

WE have touched upon some of the most arresting points of the first 100% Jewish town to be built in

modern times. What we ought to ask is, "Is it really Jewish?" and "Is it a town?" We have already suggested that it mirrors certain Jewish characteristics, individuality as represented by its houses, big ideas regardless of obstacles as shown by its unfinished synagogue, its bias towards the professions as exemplified by its immense number of doctors; its intellectualism as evidenced by the manner it spends its leisure hours and absence of sport. What impressed us above all, a thing which can scarcely be explained by pen and ink, was the spirit of the place which semed to be so Jewish and which we should like to call "infectious optimism," the "*gamzuletoba*" attitude.

Generalizations about racial psychology are almost always valueless, but we do think it safe to say that the Jew is an incurable optimist. He believes things will turn out all right in the long run, though things could scarcely look blacker now. That is the Tel Aviv spirit. Obstacles really do not matter. They will be overcome. Tel Aviv will grow, Tel Aviv will be a pride to Jews the world over. So they feel. The Jews' optimism has sometimes been justified.... Is Tel Aviv a town? Has it a common life? Is it merely a collection of Jews? We do not feel we are in a position to answer these questions. Ask us in fifty years' time. We may be able to answer then. Let us be satisfied with the Tel Avivians to call it a town and let us join with them in hoping that it will have a great future.

The Quandary of the Apostate Jew

(Continued from page 139)

IN THE whole absurd manifesto there is one point which is significant and symptomatic: "as Jews are to be regarded all those who, up to March 11, 1812, belonged to some Jewish congregation." A baptized Jew is to be known as a "Jew-Christian" and to be dealt with on a level with other Jews. Nor is there anything particularly novel about this levelling of distinctions between the baptized and the unbaptized. Since 1912 the Kyffhäuser publishing house of Munich has been publishing under the name of Semi-Gotha what claims to be a complete register of all aristocratic families that are supposed to be "tainted with Jewish blood." The enterprise, which has occasioned more than one law-suit, is steeped in anti-Semitic venom and bears every evidence of being a blackmailing scheme; the outstanding aspect of these despicable bludgeon methods is the assumption, appealing in all probability to large numbers of Germans, that to have Jewish blood in one's veins constitutes a disqualification such as calls for public warning.

As time goes on, conversion and intermarriage are bound to offer less and less of a safe harborage from the penalties involved in Jewish affiliations. A time may come when the Jew will have the choice between being a helpless sufferer from an absurd race-prejudice or a willing martyr on behalf of a cause hallowed by a martyrdom of ages. Untroubled by any inquisition, unmenaced by any decrees of expulsion, we yet today have our Marannos who capitulate to the unrelenting, through extra-legal pressure from without; the day may come when these Marannos will conclude that in returning to their Jewish allegiance is to be found the one satisfying course left open to honorable men and women.

Facing the Ocean On the Boardwalk

The Breakers
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

AMERICAN and EUROPEAN PLANS

Visit the "Playground of the World" and stop at one of the finest hotels in America's greatest resort.

FALL and WINTER RATES
Now in Effect

Cabinet Baths
Dancing
Golf Privileges
Concerts

SADDLE RIDING

JOEL HILLMAN, President

Childhood

(*A Story of Ukraine—Continued from page 131*)

and studies light. How one loves his teacher then, becoming attached to him by his superior bearing; finding in him one's ideal and making of him one's hero.

The pupil, walking in the street, sights his new teacher somewhere afar. He runs after him, passes him, turns back, doffs his cap and greets him—all according to instructions imparted that first day at school. And the teacher, recognizing by his behavior, the timid new pupil, nods approvingly, adding a kind smile.

A plea for free scholarship has to be entered. For within whose means is it to pay the required fee? Follow eternal aggravations, harsh words and tears over the inability to be provided with a proper uniform, with books, paper, ink, and, sometimes, where the child is not so bright, a private instructor at home.

An emaciated face, the eyes sad, eager, the hands dry and ink-stained. Torn shoes, an ignominious patch on the trousers, an ugly scratch on the refined cheek of the youthful student incurred in a scuffle at home with brother, who is no less an enlightened star in the realm of education. Want—misery—want. And, in the midst of this, unavoidable domestic disagreements over trifles.

WANT—this scourge of want, though. This constant hovering on the edge, with the spectre of starvation staring one—particularly mother—so close in the face!

Evening. A fairly prosperous season. Evening. Not much food left in the house. Just a loaf of bread baked at the beginning of the week. Well, praised be the Lord for this, too!

But something with the bread! A child cannot eat bread alone. What should be taken up today?

If the choice is left to mother, she generally buys a herring; and the share that falls to each one then amounts to little better than a lick.

But mother may also decide on butter. For this she prefers to go to market, thereby saving herself a kopek or a half. Besides, the butter one gets in the market is different; it's fresher there, and it smells—a pleasure!

But it takes mother long to come back. And everybody has to wait in the meantime. Then there is the task before her of making the butter go the rounds of the family. She does it; a younger child gets less, an older child more. But impartial as mother is, she can never satisfy every one.

Mother cuts the bread thick, spreads the butter thin, very thin. She is an expert at this trade; she did not have to learn from any one, having known poverty as a child.

With the bread and butter one is allowed tea, a lump of sugar to the tea, that lasts one long if kept hidden properly between the cheek and gums. But then, while eating, one enjoys a breeze, such a breeze, blowing in fresh and scented from the wide orchards about; the sole objection to that otherwise agreeable breeze being that it whets one's already sharp appetite.

But what if mother wants to save herself the trouble of providing for each one's individual taste? Tsipi wants this, Velvil wants that. Go and listen to them! If you suit this one, you do not suit that one. Ah—and if mother only feels free in the pocket, she comes out with the following welcome proposal:

"Perhaps you would all stop worrying me," she says. "Here is a kopek; go buy yourself each what you please. Done! And let me alone!"

A kopek for supper—besides bread. Well, not bad. With a kopek one is rich. And, most important, one has his freedom of choice.

Here is a boy, a smile on his face, hurrying back to the house with a saucerful of molasses.

Ah, molasses! The mouth waters. It is sweet, clear, dense, transparent. Only, only that a fly should not fall in. That would be a calamity; for despite poverty and everything else, the child has acquired a delicate streak and simply will not eat the food when a fly has fallen into it. What happens then? Nothing. The child has to go to bed without supper.

The molasses with the dry, coarse bread is difficult to swallow. Still, it's a bargain; only a kopek a saucerful, and it lasts long. The bread gone, there is still some of the glutinous stuff left adhering to the bottom of the saucer. And for a long while after, the fingers stay sticky.

Another emancipated soul has come back with a bagful of raisins. Also not bad. Although mother, seldom satisfied with what her children do, now looking on quizzically from a corner, shakes her head and says:

"The luck on my enemies with your suppers! What I buy is no good—so you have this. Relish such food! You'll be able to gather might in the forefeet."

The children, scattered over the kitchen, are too much occupied to pay heed to mother. Let her talk. It is a dimly lighted kitchen, and from where they sit, the brothers and sisters exchange rather uncomplimentary sallies. There is always the danger of one leaping upon another; and when they fall to grips, in whose power is it to separate them?

Children! Can't live together in peace. And who has the most to suffer? Mother, as usual. Now these questions that they can never settle among themselves! One claims that his teacher is better, the other insists that her's is. Not an important subject? One would think the children at odds over the division of their inheritance from their father.

And where is their father? Gone to America. Gone to find his luck there. In time they will probably go, too. America: a distant, unknown land.

The family, fatherless, sits and eats. A lump of bread dipped carefully in molasses. A raisin taken to the mouthful—sometimes half a raisin. While the lamp flickers, the fire sinks; there are sparks flying, for the kerosene is going low.

A bewitched fly insists on throwing itself against the smoking chimney of the lamp. What enchantment does that reddish flame hold for her? And there, on the bottom of the lamp, where the last of the kerosene is burning out, a black object might be discerned. It's another fly, caught by the mysterious lure of the lamp, and it won't come out now.

This one still keeps flinging itself madly upon the chimney. But perhaps it wants to die. For death, sometimes, is sweet.

In the darkened kitchen it is still.

13 WEEKS FOR 15 CENTS
The Pathfinder
SHOWS THE WAY THROUGH THE JUNGLE OF EVENTS
You've heard your neighbor praise this wonderful weekly magazine that 3 million people read. Unbiased digest of national and world affairs. Chock full of the kind of reading you want. Science, politics, travel, fun, question box, books, health, home, radio entertainment and instruction for all. Send 15c (coin or stamps) today for this big paper on trial 13 weeks, or $1 for 1 year (52 issues).
PATHFINDER, 702 Langdon Sta., Washington, D.C.

The Christ of Christianity

(*Continued from page 128*)

ing men to approximate it as far as humanly possible. But the creators of the Christ of Christianity placed at the center of the whole cosmic drama a person, which runs absolutely counter to the genius of the Jew.

The genius of the Jew is abstract. Abstract not in the sense that it is content with pure contemplation; but in the sense that in evaluating any truth it does not allow itself to be influenced by any lateral consideration. Is any truth true? Then true it must be, though the heavens fall. Is any course of conduct just? Then it must be pursued whether it be expedient or no, whether it be practical or no. No allowance is made for human weaknesses, for the natural resistance of circumstances. The fearful insistence of the Jewish prophets upon the moral law; their moral lop-sidedness as it were; their refusal to make any kind of concession for mortal foibles; their intransigeance and uncompromising zeal in the cause of social justice; these traits were all the fruit of the same power of abstraction. No attempt is made to soften the asperity of the moral command; the categorical imperative rules all life; truth is forbidding, stern and compelling; for the universe is not merely moral, but is terribly moral, and doom must inevitably follow the violation of the universal law of justice. The prophets knew no gentle forgiveness until the law was satisfied; they did not mix miserable flesh-and-blood with their austere thought; they did not allow their thought to sift through a personality and thereby lose in temper and edge. They made it stand forth naked as a blade, flashing as a bolt and clear as a white flame. In short, they did not allow the word to become flesh; they expected the flesh to become word.

The Christ of Christianity, meek and indulgent, is a concession to human weakness. The Christianity of Christ, of him who threw the money-changers out of the temple, is in line with the heroic thought of the Jewish prophets. And this is one more reason why we Jews reject the Christ of Christianity and trust that it will have to yield to the Christianity of Christ.

IV

WHEN Yeshua ben Yossef died, they who spoke in his name resurrected him as the Hellenized Christ, as a God. What was lost in the process of this resurrection has here been set forth. Gaining a myth, they lost a man—a man full of human understanding and insight, a man fired with zeal for human betterment, a man willing to suffer martyrdom if only his message could thus become vitalized and fruitful for all time. Losing a man, they lost the Jew in him, the Jew who, until his last moment remained true to the God of the Fathers. And in this loss of the man through the myth, and in this loss of the Jew consequent upon the loss of the man, the doom of the people that had fathered both the man and the Jew was sealed. They said that we Jews killed the Christ. We neither killed the Christ nor made the Christ. Out of the pain and passion of our soul we had given birth to Yeshua ben Yossef, and when he died at the hand of the Romans, they who spoke in his name made him into the Christ.

If Yeshua ben Yossef returned, as his pretended followers believe, would he cry out against the so-called Christ-killers or rather against the Christ-makers? We fancy that his wrath would fall upon the Christ-makers. He would reproach them for their inhumanity; he would upbraid them for their cruelty to his brother Jews. He would unroll before them the bloody annals of Jewish martyrdom; he would with flaming anger call down the judgment of heaven upon those who for the sake of a myth have subjected an entire people to the wrack and to age-long torment. And with divine pity he would turn to his own asking for their forgiveness, and not asking in vain; yearning for the banishment of the separation between them and himself and not yearning in vain.

And, above all, he would turn with withering scorn upon the myth into which he had been changed. He would claim at the hand of his would-be followers his lost humanity. For he knows best that as long as he is a myth, a legend, the wall of separation which causes so much agony cannot fall. This massed shadow lying between Yeshua ben Yossef and Israel can vanish only when the light of a new understanding falls upon it. And then these twain will meet. Not before.

The Christ of Christianity must yield to Yeshua ben Yossef. The God must die and be re-risen as a man. That will be the true resurrection!

A Booklet for Forward-Looking Men and Women

COMMON SENSE

A REMARKABLE 50-page booklet, of vital interest to every person who wants to get ahead in life.

Sent FREE on Request—

to everyone determined to live within his or her income and save. No obligation is involved. To get your copy of "COMMON SENSE," simply fill out and mail the coupon below.

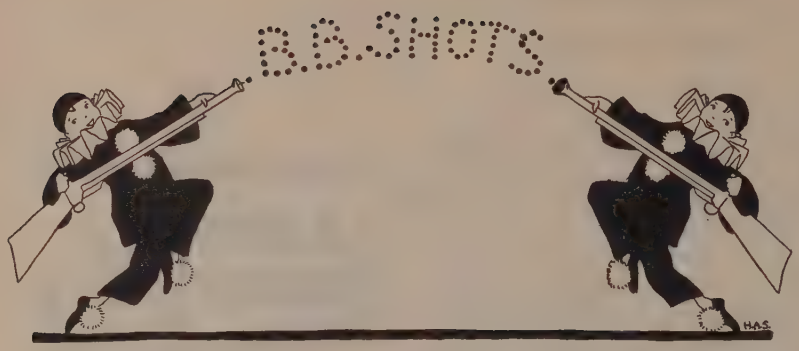
Mail It Today!

WOLLENBERGER & CO.
Investment Bankers
105 So. La Salle Street
CHICAGO
40 Years of Investment Banking

Wollenberger & Co.,
105 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.
Without obligation on my part, please send me a copy of your 50-page booklet—"COMMON SENSE."

Name _____

Address _____



THE TRUTH

"Do you think the millennium will ever come?" asked the serious young lady.

"My dear," said Mr. Brogas, "the millennium was here in 1912 and we didn't know it."

—B—B—

SOLID MARBLE

The bishop was very tired. There were an unusual number of persons waiting for his blessing, and the church was growing hotter and hotter. He could feel his eyes growing heavier and heavier. Finally, as he was nearing the end of his task, a bald-headed man approached and knelt down before him. The bishop, smothering a yawn, put his hands on the shining head. Then he muttered: "I declare this stone to be well and truly laid."

—B—B—

By their donations some philanthropists reveal the sad fact that it is frequently the head rather than the heart that is soft.

—*Judge.*

—B—B—

Modern Diagnosis

In modern medical diagnosis the patient is usually put through a good many examinations that require specimens of saliva, blood and other fluids. A patient in one of our big city hospitals recently gave blood for a red cell count the first day, white cells the second day, another white cell count the third day, a Wassermann test the fourth day, and for some blood chemical examinations the fifth day. When the intern showed up on the sixth day with the usual little tray, the patient said: "My gosh! Are you trying to bleed me to death? What do you want to know now?"

"Well," said the interne, humorously, "we are trying to find out your nationality."

"For goodness sake," said the patient, "why didn't you ask me the first day? I'm Jewish!"

—B—B—

Try This in Your Cross Word Puzzle

Vertical 4. When Modernists and Fundamentalists meet.

Answer: Hot Dogma.

—B—B—

Briefly

Busy Magnate *(testily)*: Well, what do you want? Be short!

Prodigal Son *(rising to the occasion)*: I will! I am!

—*Passing Show (London)*

—B—B—

Warm notes usually result in the expenditure of cold cash.

—*Judge.*

—B—B—

At Sabbath School

Teacher: Now, children, if you were to break one of the commandments, what would happen?

Alvin: I know, teacher, we would only have nine.

—B—B—

COMMENT IN THE PRESS

"A polite man," says *Judge*, "is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about when they are told him by a person who knows nothing about them."

"A flirtatious girl," remarked N. P. Wills, "is like a dipper attached to a hydrant; every one is at liberty to drink from it, but no one desires to carry it away."

"If you have a half-hour to spend," suggests the editor of the Columbia (S. Car.) *Record*, "don't spend it with someone who hasn't."

"Any piece of bric-a-brac looks like an ash tray to the man who smokes," says the editor of *Capper's Weekly*, who no doubt first heard the remark from his wife.

"Doctors say it is unhealthy to kiss," says the Los Angeles *Times*, "but we have never seen a doctor that we would care to kiss," the remark continues "so they need borrow no trouble."

"In Massachusetts a man who speaks ten languages has just married a woman who speaks seven. We are betting on the lady," says the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

"If a man can operate a cash register with a sore finger and never feel the pain, he is the proprietor of the place," is the diagnosis of the Toledo *Blade*.

—B—B—

In the Monkey House

Little Boy: Look, ma, there's a boomerang!

Mother: That's no boomerang; that's a bamboo.

—*Brown Jug.*

—B—B—

HE'LL CALL AGAIN

Last night I went
To see a
New girl;
She lives away
Out in the suburbs,
And she is not good looking,
Nor vivacious,
Nor interesting;
But I am going
Back again
Pretty soon
Because
While I was waiting for
Her to come down
I sat in the big
Davenport
And accidentally ran my hand
Down the back
Of the cushions
And found a
Quarter
And then I found
A half dollar,
And then
She came down;
So I am going back
Next week
To finish the hunt.

L. L. L., in *Chicago News.*

—B—B—

SO DO OURS!

Sol—"Are you ever bothered with money troubles?"

Jake—"Yes, my friends are always telling me about theirs."

—B—B—

B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE SUPPLEMENT

JANUARY, 1925

A Suggested Program of Ethical Education

By Edward Chauncey Baldwin

AT THE forty-ninth convention of District Lodge No. 5, the president, as reported in a recent issue of the *B'nai B'rith Magazine*, suggested that the Order should initiate an educational program. In support of his argument he instanced the traditional and instinctive devotion of the Jew to education and urged that each subordinate lodge establish and maintain a committee of education.

President Alexander's suggestion, though at first blush it may seem unnecessary in view of the fact that the Order has already committed itself to a campaign of religious education for university students, is nevertheless a timely one. Though from the rather meager report in the magazine I am unable to determine exactly what he had in mind, I feel no uncertainty about the direction which the educational activities of the Order may be reasonably expected to take. A complete mobilization of all the moral forces both of Judaism and Christianity for the religious and moral education of youth is imperative if the moral idealism so essential to the success of the political experiment of American democracy is to be conserved. Only through a developed moral sense on the part of its citizens can this government of the people succeed. This fact, which is as true today as it was when the eighth century prophets affirmed it with reference to the governments of their day, has been reiterated in a recent address by President Coolidge, who said:

"The government of a country never gets ahead of the religion of the country. There is no way by which we can substitute the authority of law for the virtue of man. Of course we can help to restrain the vicious and maintain a fair degree of security and protection by legislation and police control, but the real reforms which society in these days is seeking will come as a result of our religious convictions, or they will not come at all. Peace, justice, humanity, charity—these can not be legislated into being."

Peace, justice, humanity, charity—what are these but the ideals of Judaism? It is important—indeed, it is imperative—that they be kept alive in the hearts of youth, and especially in the hearts of Jewish youth, and how shall they be kept alive except they be taught?

A BELATED realization of the need of developing a morally educated citizenship has already resulted in the establishment by both Christians and Jews of religious centers at some of our state universities where students may supplement the ethical training of the home and the secular school. The work of these "foundations" is beyond question immensely valuable in developing religious lay-leadership. I expect to see it widely extended during the next decade till every one of the larger state universities has its Jewish foundation, where the men and women who are to guide and mold the thought of Judaism in the next generation will be trained.

Valuable and indeed indispensable as this work at the universities is, however, it is only a part of the educational program which the Order should, in my opinion, plan to carry through. At best it reaches only a picked group. Something must be done for the ethical training of the great body of Jewish youth who never reach the university, whose educational advantages end with the high school or even with the grades.

For meeting the need of moral and religious training in the case of boys and girls of secondary school age the so-called "Gary plan," or a modification of it, such as has been found effective already in certain places, seems admirably adapted. Broadly speaking, the plan involves the giving of religious instruction by trained and salaried teachers to pupils of the secondary schools. The instruction is given on school days and during school hours, but outside school buildings and only to such pupils as express a wish to receive it. In order that there may be no interference with religious freedom, each co-operating religious group determines the kind of religious instruction its children shall receive.

The reasonableness of these provisions is sufficiently obvious without detailed explanation. Only competent teachers should be employed, because otherwise the teaching will neither command the respect of the pupils nor produce any worthy results. This necessarily involves the securing of teachers thoroughly trained and adequately paid. Experience has shown also that week-day religious instruction can never succeed in any large way unless it is correlated to some degree with the work of the public school, because in no other way can it command the attention of the community as being significant or even enlist the continued interest of the students themselves. Hence it is essential that the work be carried on during otherwise vacant periods of the school day. It has invariably failed when the work was done on Saturdays or after school hours. Of course it is never possible to use school buildings for purposes of religious instruction, but a room adjacent is essential, so that the pupils may not have far to go.

THE money necessary to finance a program of religious education in any community must be raised by voluntary contributions, since tax funds are not available for religious education. Money so raised is placed in the hands of a Board of Religious Education, composed of selected representatives of the co-operating religious groups contributing. In all cities where the work has been successful it has been carried on as a community enterprise.

Among those places where the scheme has worked effectively during several years are Gary, Indiana; Toledo, Ohio; Wichita, Kansas; Oak Park, Illinois, and New York. Only in the latter city, so far as I am aware, have Jews co-operated with Christians in

carrying it out. In New York over eighty per cent of the pupils taking religious training co-ordinately with their secular school work are Jewish.

The example of the Jews of New York is worthy of emulation. The scheme, so far as it involves Jewish children, can never be generally adopted, however, unless a large and influential organization like the B'nai B'rith gets behind it. I suggest that the leaders of local lodges confer with Christian leaders and with school authorities in their respective cities with a view to formulating in co-operation with them a plan of religious and moral education to be carried out co-ordinately with the work of the secular schools. Since in every instance the problem to be solved is a local one, I can see no reason for establishing any national board of control nor for any elaborate machinery of operation. The local lodges could deal quite adequately with the situation in their respective localities without more machinery than an energetic and tactful committee. Of course, in the actual planning of the instruction to be offered the National Jewish Chautauqua would be of incalculable service.

The important thing is that the great moral force resident in such an order as the B'nai B'rith shall continue to be utilized to worthy ends. What more worthy end could be thought of than that of ministering to the ethical upbuilding of those who are to be the leaders of American Jewry and of those who are to be the mothers in Israel in the coming years?

Ten Years of the Leo N. Levi Memorial Hospital

By Rabbi A. B. Rhine, Executive Secretary

THE completion of a decade of any activity somehow impresses itself upon the mind and gives occasion for reflection upon such activity. A period of ten years is long enough to prove the justification or lack of justification of any institution that appeals to the public for support. It is for this reason that I am taking occasion to dwell upon November 1, which marked the tenth anniversary of the opening of the Leo N. Levi Memorial Hospital of Hot Springs, Ark. Did the ten years of the hospital's activities justify its existence, as a new departure in American Jewish Philanthrophy and the appeal that it has made to the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, or not?

It should be stated at the outset that the erection of the Leo N. Levi Memorial Hospital was not accomplished without due deliberation. The origin of the enterprise dates back to the San Antonio convention of District Grand Lodge No. 7, which was held in May, 1904. Even at previous conventions, the necessity or solving the Hot Springs problem was realized, though no definite action was taken until the San Antonio convention authorized the formation of the Hot Springs Disbursement Committee. The problem was: How to take care of the poor Jews who came to Hot Springs in search of health. I am not holding a brief for the curative properties of the hot springs of Arkansas. Suffice it to say that those waters, which are owned by the United States Government, enjoy a great reputation and attract annually thousands upon thousands of health seekers (There were 164,000 visitors in Hot Springs last year according to official government reports). Among these there were naturally quite a number of Jewish health seekers and among the latter quite a number of poor people who managed somehow to reach Hot Springs, but had little or no means to maintain themselves while undergoing treatment. It was to take care of such co-religionists that the Hot Springs Disbursement Committee was established in 1904.

The difficulties of procuring the proper medical attention and the need of hospitalizing so many of the charges of the Disbursement Committee gradually led to the conviction that the establishment of a hospital was essential if the sick entrusted to the committee were to receive proper care. It was found, moreover, that the Seventh District could not, alone, undertake the erection of such an institution, nor was it peculiarly a problem of that District, since the committee's charges came from every section of the country. Accordingly, the Constitution Grand Lodge at its Washington Convention of 1910, after careful investigation, nationalized the work and authorized the organization of the Leo N. Levi Memorial Hospital Association for the purpose of establishing the Leo N. Levi Memorial Hospital. This hospital was to be dedicated solely to the service of the poor without regard to creed, as a worthy monument to that leader of the B'nai B'rith who had likewise dedicated himself to the service of humanity—Leo N. Levi. It is this institution that has just completed ten years of service.

What has it accomplished during the past ten years? Let the following table speak:

Year	Patients in Hospital	Cured	Improved	Patients in Clinic
Nov. 1, 1914—March 31, 1915	59	6	24	
Apr. 1, 1915—March 31, 1916	139	16	17	
Apr. 1, 1916—March 31, 1917	152	24	62	
Apr. 1, 1917—March 31, 1918	177	67	47	
Apr. 1, 1918—March 31, 1919	288	104	70	615
Apr. 1, 1919—March 31, 1920	412	106	190	3767
Apr. 1, 1920—March 31, 1921	702	137	433	5025
Apr. 1, 1921—March 31, 1922	752	142	271	4500**
Apr. 1, 1922—March 31, 1923	703	183	294	2600
Apr. 1, 1923—March 31, 1924	727	238	305	1566
	4051	1123	1713	18,073

**(In 1922 the United States Public Health Service opened a clinic of its own for the treatment of venereal diseases in connection with the free bath house conducted by the government. By arrangement with the United States Public Health Services, the clinic of the Leo N. Levi Memorial Hospital is limiting its service to non-venereal cases. The opening of

the government clinic accounts for the sharp reduction of the clinical cases of the Levi Hospital which hitherto carried on the work all alone. The Surgeon-General of the United States Public Health Services expressed his sincere appreciation of the work done by the clinic of the Leo N. Levi Memorial Hospital. The clinic was opened in December, 1918, through the efforts of the superintendent, Miss Regina H. Kaplan.)

IT will be seen at a glance that the institution extended its beneficient ministrations to over 22,000 people in the ten years of its existence. When one bears in mind that all these beneficiaries were persons of little or no means who otherwise would have been neglected, that many of them came from great distances, almost in despair and as a last resort, and that more than 2,800 of the hospitalized cases were restored to health and to usefulness and returned to their homes rejoicing in their recovered health and restored economic independence, one can realize the part the hospital has played in the lives of its patients. That the hospital contributed indirectly to the welfare of the communities from which these patients came is self-evident.

The hospital is non-sectarian and a large number of non-Jews avail themselves of its facilities, especially those of the clinic. This policy is not only in harmony with the traditional Jewish ideal of charity that prescribes that non-Jewish poor share with the Jewish poor in the Jewish community funds, but is also the finest expression of the soul of the B'nai B'rith. The many hundreds of non-Jewish patients of the clinic of the Leo N. Levi Memorial Hospital leave the institution with a feeling of kindliness and a new respect for the B'nai B'rith, which to them is synonymous with Jew. Moreover, the United States Government recognized both the spirit which animates the institution and the services it is rendering by donating to the Leo N. Levi Memorial Hospital Association a plot of ground 300 by 150 feet at the finest possible location in Hot Springs, on which the Nurses' Home of the Hospital was recently erected, and contributes the hot waters to the bath house of the hospital free of charge.

Permit me to close with the following quotation from an open letter which I recently addressed to all the lodges of our Order:

"The Leo N. Levi Memorial Hospital is your institution. Its founders were and are members of the B'nai B'rith; it was erected as a monument to that far-visioned leader of the B'nai B'rith, Leo N. Levi; and its maintenance was made possible by the moral and financial support of our beloved Order. The glory of its ten years' achievement is yours. From the depth of our heart we express our gratitude to you and extend felicitations to you upon this happy event.

"The future of the Leo. N. Levi Memorial Hospital seems assured. Its possibilities are boundless. Judging from the past, we are confident that our brethren will continue to share the glory and the burden inherent in an institution like ours, and will make it an integral part of the budget of each lodge."

Looking Forward and Backward

By Rabbi Benjamin Frankel

Rabbi Frankel, who is director of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation at the University of Illinois, delivered the address from which the following excerpts are taken, on the occasion of "Dads' Day" at the college on November 2.

THE presence of our dads here this morning reminds us of the time when father and son, even grandparent and grandchild worshipped together in the synagogue, when the differences between the generations were not so marked, and the synagogue was a common meeting ground, religiously and intellectually, for young and old.

We are happy that our dads have come to Illinois to live for a day or two the life which we live. We are extremely happy that part of that life is the religious life, and that, reversing the usual practice, the children bring their parents to their religious services.

This morning finds two generations looking at one another face to face; the younger looking forward and the older, backward. In the eyes of the old the young should catch glimpses of the past; a careful scrutiny should reveal tender memories, shadows of dreams almost forgotten. The old, looking into the eyes of the young would expect to see visions of human progress, ambitions, hopes. Such would be the meeting of those parents looking backward and those children looking forward. But unfortunately many parents are without these memories, many children without visions. Both parents and children too often look not backward or forward but downward.

With our young this is only too true. It is the unusual one who looks forward—still more the unusual one who envisages world dreams, who seriously considers the sorrows of society, who would dedicate his life to a noble cause. Our young are not looking forward; they are looking downward, interested either in no end at all or a purpose which will bring them material, immediately material, comfort and success. Our younger generation is very old for its years; it has escaped its youth of dreams and of ideals. But this practical, somewhat aimless, generation is only the reflection of the world in which it lives.

That world, especially since the war is also aimless, in some of the best minds consciously so. Bertrand Russel's world must be built "upon the rock of despair." Dean Inge records an even more profound pessimism. This philosophical hopelessness is sensed by the untutored and their ordinary conversations reflect the same despair.

The other day I listened to a conversation in the smoker of a train. The conversation, instead of bearing on the usual topic of prohibition, was directed to the problem of war. The concensus of opinion seemed to be that war could not be averted and that there always would be war so long as there were nations. This opinion at bottom expresses the same despair of progress as is reflected in the serious meditations of the thinking minds. As one cynic has stated the view "progress is but changing from one nuisance to another."

In modern literature purposelessness strikingly asserts itself—our younger literati look askance at fiction or drama which seriously offers solutions. They look with contempt upon the author who moralizes. The modern novel will

present the follies and foibles of the day but then conscientiously will avoid solutions. Veiled, yet positive, is the suggestion that there is no solution—hopeless to attempt the remedy of social ills.

Ideas have a way of working themselves out somehow or other in the life of the people. The despair of the modern world cannot help but reflect itself in the younger generation. Youth mirrors the indifference, the lack of purpose of the modern world.

If there be an antidote to pessimism it lies in the view which one might call the Jewish view of progress, that in the hands of man is given power either to choose progress or retrogression, a step either forward or backward, the direction depending upon the will of the man. "Behold I place before you this day, life and death, blessing and curse, therefore choose ye life." Judaism offers hope—but progress is an objective which is reached by looking forward, not downward.

When I look about me and see the helter-skelter, aimless existence of many of our students I think of Lytton Strachey's description of one of his characters, Madam du Deffand, who said that she had three ends in life, one was supper and the other two she always forgot. Perhaps our students may have aims in life, purposes and ends but they seem to have forgotten them.

How many of our students here ask themselves the question, "Why am I here, what is the end of my study, what do I mean to do in life?" Should we ask ourselves this question many of us would suddenly realize that with Madam du Deffand we have forgotten all of our aims but one, our immediate needs. The end of our study is our degree; our purpose seems to be to pass our courses—some are not even troubled with this—and yet nothing is so important for our own success, for our own character, as is a purpose, an ultimate goal.

I once knew a lad who during his first year in high school found difficulty in passing in his studies. While he didn't fail he was listless, uninterested in his work, and a poor student. Someone inspired him with the ideal of a career in medicine. An aim and a purpose in life were furnished him. The last three years of his high school work made him an honor pupil. He discovered that his classes and his studies all b re relation to an ultimate end. His whole life was changed because of his discovery of a purpose. The finding of a purpose could shape anew the life of many of our university students. Often the difference between a good student and a poor one is that one is looking forward and the other downward, one places his goal ahead of him and relates everything in his university life to that goal, the other lives only in the present—feeds himself intellectually from hand to mouth, for he has no aim which will furnish a store house for his ideas and his studies.

There are a great many who do have ends and yet their purposes don't particularly grip them or hold them. Some may intend to enter business and will study with a keen interest accountancy and business methods, but such an aim is hardly enough to color the life of that student. He looks for material comfort—there is needed more—there is needed a vision of youth and dreams of human betterment.

How different our university life would be if in the heart of our young there stirred the ideal of service, if youth dedicated itself to the task of ridding the world of war, of bringing about social justice, of saving society from the onslaught of disease. If these motives filled our hearts, if we were to prepare ourselves for such a life, then our classroom work would be a joy. Economics and sociology are not dry formulas but the means of understanding modern problems, history is not merely facts of the past but rather prophecies of the future, languages are not mere declensions, but the means by which we understand our fellow human beings. Grades become unimportant, knowledge all important.

Our life at the university, dictated by a purpose, becomes meaningful—If our aim be that of Jewish leadership, if seriously we hope in our mature years to contribute to the Jewish weal, our Foundation courses in Social Ideals, in Jewish History offer more than university credit; they give the knowledge and inspiration necessary for an understanding of Jewish problems. Our discussion groups crystallize opinions, our committee work trains for leadership, our social contacts paint for us better than books or pictures the many Jewish types and characters. We thus live Judaism at the university later to Judaize the life of our fellow Jews. . . .

To look forward is the function of youth. Youth must snatch from the heavens, ideals, give hope to the world. The youth of today must challenge the despair of our age, must build new hopes—for the future. It must pick up the thread of progress, weave it anew into beautiful and colorful patterns. It must find an end in life and dedicate life to that end. To look forward is its privilege and inheritance.

Our dads look backward. They recall today perhaps the time when they dreamed beautiful dreams—they recall the visions of their youth and inspire their children with them. You, my friends, by looking backward will cause your children to look forward. God's blessing to Abraham in the Parashah of this week is summed up in the words: "Thus may your children be." The midrash explains God's attitude toward Abraham in a beautiful story of a stranger who wandered in the desert for one, for two, for ten days. At last he beheld a tree in the distance. Hope sprang into his breast. Perhaps there would be a spring under the tree. Lo, when he approached the tree there he beheld a delightfully cool spring, choice fruits, and shade. As he took leave of the tree he turned to it and asked, "Oh! tree how shall I bless you? Shall I wish for a spring to water your roots? You have it. Shall I wish you beautiful foliage and shapely branches? You have them. Shall I wish for you a choice spot to thrive in? You have it. My only blessing to you must be: So shall your seed be." God saw in Abraham all the choice blessings in man, he saw righteousness, hospitality, and kindness; God's blessing to Abraham was summed up in the words, "So shall your seed be." I don't see in our dads of today the perfection of Abraham but in the dreams of their youth there we find beautiful foliage, choice fruit, even as the bounteous tree in our story. My blessing to you today would be, "So shall your seed be." As the dreams of your youth, as the visions you did not live, so may your seed be. Inspire them to live so as to make your life complete. . . .

So then my friends on this occasion of Dad's Day, when together we worship here, there is suggested the thought that it is the duty of youth to look forward, to crush with its idealism the despair which has taken hold of our modern world. To find a purpose and an end in the social order and to live that end. It is the task of our dads to look backward to recall the dreams of their youth and to inspire in their seed the fulfilment of their dreams. How understandingly the child would then look at the parent and the parent at the child, what harmony between them, for youth would sympathize with age and age relive youth, each facing the other but one looking backward and the other forward.

B'nai B'rith Social Service

Mount Royal Lodge Summer Camp

FOR the fourth successive summer members and friends of Mount Royal Lodge No. 729, Montreal, undertook and successfully conducted a camp where underprivileged boys between the ages of eight and fourteen were given a two weeks' holiday in the heart of the Laurentian Mountains.

During the hottest part of the summer no less than one hundred and sixty-five boys were taken from the sun-baked sidewalks of the city to a clear, vigorous mountain atmosphere. The selection of boys was in a large measure left in the hands of officials of the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. Most of them came from overcrowded, unsanitary houses and lacked all but the bare essentials of life. Evil influences and temptations confronted them in every direction. Their struggle against the exigencies of life was particularly hard, and commenced from their very childhood days. Their unfavorable surroundings as well as their limited means exerted a deleterious effect upon their health, which was clearly manifested in the undernourished and weak condition in which they reached camp. Such boys constituted the majority of those sent out.

Before coming to camp, every boy underwent a medical examination and his record was sent to the Medical Councillor. They were then assembled at the Baron de Hirsch Institute and placed in charge of two Camp Councillors. A large sight-seeing bus, very kindly provided by the Bramson's Yellow Cab Company, brought the boys to the Place Viger Station; and a happy, eager and expectant bunch, they entrained for the camp.

This summer the camp was located at Prefontaine, one station before St. Agathe. Situated about eleven hundred feet above sea level, it occupied one of the highest points in the Laurentians. The atmosphere was at all times clear, crisp and penetrating. On every side high mountains loomed above the camp. Between them the North River wound its tortuous course. Passing just by the camp, it provided an ideal bathing place for the children. Fresh-water springs, trickling down the mountain sides, offered excellent sources for drinking water.

THE camp consisted of eight tents, a kitchen, an open air dining room and an underground storehouse for cold storage purposes. Playing fields were laid out and among the possessions of the camp were every kind of athletic equipment, games of checkers and dominoes, story-books and a gramophone. The boys were under the charge of four concillors, while an excellent cook reigned in the kitchen.

On reaching camp each boy was given a towel and soap, a bathing suit and a tooth brush and tooth paste. In many cases it was found necessary to provide them with clothes as well.

The efforts of the councillors were concentrated on keeping the boys occupied every hour of the day. Rising at seven, a morning dip was taken, followed by prayers and then breakfast. Games and swimming kept everybody busy until dinner. A short rest after dinner was followed by more games and swimming. During the afternoon, milk and bread and jam were served. The evenings were spent in games of various kinds, including checkers and dominoes, in story telling, in singing around camp fires. At nine o'clock all lights were out.

Facilities were available for all kinds of athletic games, including football, baseball and volleyball, boxing and wrestling, as well as for field and track events. From time to time competitions and tournaments were held and suitable prizes awarded. Games with baseball teams representing the surrounding villages were particularly popular. The camp was at all times represented by a strong team, and went through the summer without sustaining a single defeat, a fact which, needless to state, afforded the boys extreme delight. Nor were the activities confined to the camp. Frequent excursions were made. Short hikes, whole day hikes, berry picking and mountain climbing expeditions provided sufficient novelty to maintain throughout keen interest and excitement.

This constant activity, coupled with the excellent food provided, produced remarkable results. There was not a boy that did not gain physically, that did not come home stronger and happier. Increases in weight ranging up to eleven pounds gained in two weeks were recorded, the average gain being between five and six pounds. One cannot gain an adequate conception of the remarkable changes wrought in the short two weeks, until one has actually seen the striking contrast offered by the pale and gloomy appearance of the boys on their arrival and their ruddy, sunburnt and joyful complexions on their departure.

NOR was the spiritual and intellectual side of the boys' lives forgotten. A distinctly Jewish atmosphere pervaded the camp. Morning and evening prayers were said, as well as prayer and Grace before and after each meal. Regular Saturday morning services were held, and the Sabbatical character of the day was scrupulously observed. Talks on Jewish history and Jewish heroic historical figures were given. Stories of Jewish life were told and Jewish folk songs at "sing-songs" and camp fires were not uncommon. Thus there was aroused within the consciousness of the boys a sense of their greatest national unity. Their vision was broadened, new channels of thought were opened to them and a new field of endeavour suggested.

It was the aim of the councillors at all times to afford the fullest expression to any physical or intellectual abilities latent in the boys. A considerable measure of self-government was introduced; and the duties which camping involves required some degree of executive ability. But it remained to the camp-fire concerts to discover what in many cases was really wonderful talent. Beside songs in chorus, the program of the camp-fire concert consisted of recitations, stories, songs by individuals and groups, playlets, jokes and anecdotes, practically all of which were carried out by the boys themselves. In this manner many with marked ability along musical and dramatic lines were allowed the fullest scope for expression and were given the greatest possible encouragement.

In spite of the fact that their stay at camp was only two weeks there was not a boy who left without having some indelible impressions imprinted upon his physical or mental life. Beside coming home stronger, and with reserve energy stored up, every boy was exhilarated, and had developed a more optimistic outlook on life.

It is encouraging to note that each summer has witnessed the extension of the scope of B'nai B'rith activities and the progressive increase in the number of boys handled. It is hoped that for the coming summer means

will be available to register a still greater increase, and that, within a few years, Montreal Jewry will be able to say that there was not a deserving boy who did not get a holiday at the B'nai B'rith Camp.

CAMP COMMITTEE

Horace R. Cohen.....Chairman
S. Hopmeyer.....Vice-Chairman
Frank E. Bender.....Treasurer
Ed. Barkoff.....Commissariat
Irving Gerdy.....Dietitian

GENERAL COMMITTEE

L. Faber
A. Raginsky
P. Meyerovitch
D. Shvemar
S. McKinley
H. Benjamin
J. Shapiro
Herb. Vineberg
L. Coviensky
Max Bernfeld

The Spirit of America

By A. W. Hertzka, Geiger Lodge No. 423

IF WE were called upon to rename our country, there would come to mind, perhaps to most of us, the inspiring word "Opportunity" as the most appropriate and expressive name. For where on earth today, can we find a land more dedicated to justice, liberty, brotherhood and equality of opportunity than is this, our beloved land, which we call America?

We hear the word "Americanization" so frequently that possibly many of us do not stop to analyze its meaning. To Americanize means to assimilate, or to take to heart, the American ideas and ideals, to adopt American customs and the American standard of living. It does not mean merely an ability to read and to write the English language, however important this may be, nor to understand the form of American government, or merely to repeat the Declaration of Independence, or memorize the Constitution. There are unnumbered American citizens of both native and foreign birth who know all these things and more, and yet fall far short of being good American citizens. To be an American, in spirit and in truth, is to have an understanding of American history and tradition, whereby there has been developed upon this continent a new social order.

Let us ask ourselves:

What is America? Is it merely a geographical spot or a material location? The answer is no, because if any country or group of peoples or nations adopted or applied the same principles which America has adopted and applied, they would get the same results of good government based upon freedom and equality and justice to all. There are many people in many lands who have never touched the American shores, who are truer Americans than many of us who are native born, or who have taken out naturalization papers. Wherever there is a heart or soul yearning for freedom, for righteousness and for equality of opportunity, there is the spirit of America, no matter in what country or clime it may be.

THE B'nai B'rith has always given to patriotism and patriotic duties a place next to the duties which we owe to God Himself. Our ritual most beautifully and aptly phrases it: "Next unto the duties which we owe to Him, to whom we bow in reverence, is the duty which we, as citizens of a free land, owe to that Government, wherein our rights are established and our liberties made secure."

So important is the work of Americanization that there has been created by the Constitutional Grand Lodge a department of Americanization of which Mr. Sidney G. Kusworn of Dayton, Ohio, is executive director.

The value of citizenship is realized when we read the history of American patriots, and we grow in appreciation of the daily blessings we are enjoying as a result of their sacrifices and devotion to human freedom and equal rights which they passed on to us as a rich heritage.

The public school system, the good roads, the street cleaning, the public health department, the street lighting system, general safety, street care and telephone service, all make us thankful that we live in the land of the free and the home of the brave. The work and duties of the Americanization Committee of the Order are to aid all foreign born persons of eighteen years and up to become naturalized citizens.

This work of Americanizing the foreign born is in no way to be confused with any religious issue, differences, opinions or shades of belief, but applies to all nations, regardless of color, creed or belief.

General Committee Meeting

IMPORTANT business was transacted at the meeting of the General Committee of District Grand Lodge No. 2 on November 2 in Cincinnati. The entire committee was present: President Alfred A. Benesch, First Vice-President A. B. Frey, Second Vice-President Samuel S. Mayerberg, Treasurer William Ornstein, Secretary Leonard H. Freiberg, Ben M. Achtenberg, Alfred M. Cohen, William Feder, Isador Feibelman, Lou M. Frank, J. J. Friedland, Sidney G. Kusworm and Percy S. Morris.

In a general discussion the following points were emphasized: The retention of present members before the seeking of additional ones; centering responsibility on the president of the local lodge; appointment of leading members of the lodge as a committee to collect dues from delinquent members; personal solicitation by the financial secretary; overcoming indifference and ignorance by stating the actual work of the Order at each lodge meeting.

President Benesch, Brothers Sidney G. Kusworm and Alfred M. Cohen were requested to attend the laying of the corner-stone of the B'nai B'rith Infirmary Building at the Denver Hospital, along with Brother Edwin J. Schanfarber, who had previously been invited.

Brother Frey reported that twenty

lodges of the District had stated that they were ready to begin the campaign for members. He had previously written to every lodge officer, member of the General Committee, State Deputy and State Association officer, urging them to participate in the drive for members in honor of President Adolf Kraus' seventy-fifth birthday in February. It was also stated that at the Akron Convention of the Ohio State Association, Brother Lou M. Frank had volunteered to give two days in November to any lodge in Ohio for the purpose of arousing interest and increasing its membership.

THE President reported that at the time of the tornado disaster at Lorain, Ohio, the B'nai B'rith was the first and largest contributor among the fraternal orders in this country. The sum of $10,000 was given to the Red Cross by the Executive Committee of the Order. As a result the Jews in Lorain were assisted promptly and generously, though in some cases those who needed it refused assistance. Others have already returned part of the amounts advanced them, with the result that the collection made by District No. 2 was not entirely used up. Brother Benesch stated that $10,058.18 had been collected from lodges and individuals, of which $5,950.14 had been spent, leaving a balance of $4,108.04. Including the contribution of $2,000 from the District Grand Lodge which had been returned to the treasurer, the balance would amount to $6,108.04. The committee decided that the President restore fifty per cent of the contributions to those who made them, with the suggestion that the money thus refunded be devoted to philanthropic purposes, especially since the Leo N. Levi Memorial Hospital, doing non-sectarian work, was facing a deficit. The committee extended a unanimous vote of thanks to Brother Benesch for the manner in which he handled the Lorain situation.

A charter was authorized for a lodge in Marion, Indiana, to be known as Saul Hutner Lodge.

Suggestions were made for making up the deficit of the Leo N. Levi Memorial Hospital and $500 was appropriated to that end. The President appointed Brother Phil Schier of Kansas City a second member of the Board of Trustees of the hospital in response to the request of the board that each Grand Lodge appoint two representatives instead of one as formerly.

The Ohio State Association of B'nai B'rith Lodges sent a communication which contained a resolution requesting that a branch of the Hillel Foundation be established at Ohio State University. The members present signified their willingness to raise funds annually for this purpose in their various committees. The matter was referred to Brothers Benesch and Kusworn, members of the Executive Committee of the Order.

The President reported that on September 27, 1924, he appointed Brothers Milton M. Schayer and Leopold Sanders as the Junior B'nai B'rith Committee for the State of Colorado with authority to appoint any member of the Order to supervise and conduct the activities of junior lodges and entertain applications for charters.

Brother Alfred M. Cohen was presented with a Menorah charm and watch chain as a testimonial from the District.

Communications

Lodge Makes Two Gifts

Dear Brother Lewis:

Enclosed are two letters you may wish to publish, and you are at liberty to do so.

Worcester Lodge No. 600 gave Clark University a scholarship of $2,000 a few years ago, the income to be used for any deserving student. The dean writes that $75 of the income has been awarded to Hyman Green.

Holy Cross College, a Catholic institution in Worcester, is about to build a new library. We have voted to present the library with a shelf of books on Jewish life and letters. The letter from the president of Holy Cross speaks for itself.

With cordial greetings to you, I am,

Sincerely yours,
A. M. HILLMAN,
President,
District Grand Lodge No. 1

November 24, 1924

Mr. Wilfred B. Feiga,
340 Main St.,
Worcester, Mass.
Dear Mr. Feiga:

Permit me to inform you that the Collegiate Board has recently granted $75 from the B'nai B'rith Fund to Mr. Hyman Green to cover one semester's tuition. Mr. Green is a Jewish boy from South Norwalk, Conn. and led his freshman class in scholarship all of last year. He is, moreover, an unassuming fellow of exemplary conduct, whom it is a pleasure to have on the campus.

Thanking you for the co-operation of your Society which has made this scholarship possible,

Cordially yours,
HOMER P. LITTLE,
Dean

Clark University, Worcester, Mass.
October 18, 1924

Mr. Wilfred B. Feiga,
Worcester Lodge No. 600,
Independent Order B'nai B'rith,
Worcester, Mass.
Dear Mr. Feiga:

The action taken quite recently by the Worcester Lodge of B'nai B'rith to appoint a committee for the purpose of consulting with me on the proper procedure to be followed in carrying out the wishes of the lodge to present to Holy Cross College Library a selection of books on Jewish life and letters has brought to the authorities here sincere and cordial pleasure and grateful appreciation of the kindly and generous spirit that inspired this resolution.

As the duties formerly performed by Father Carlin have devolved upon me, his successor, it will afford me very great happiness to meet your committee at any time that will suit your convenience. Perhaps it might be well for you to phone me, at your leisure, and we can arrange for the little meeting, when it could be held with mutual satisfaction.

Dear Mr. Feiga, would you kindly convey to the members of the Lodge of B'nai B'rith both in my own name and in that of the authorities here at the college our deep and heartfelt appreciation of this mark of your splendid spirit of good-will towards the "college on the hill" and your earnest interest in the projected new library, which I trust will soon rise from the ground and, aside from its educational value, will be an ornament to the architecture of our city.

With every assurance of my warmest gratitude and of cordial regard for the members of the Lodge,

I am

Yours very sincerely,
JOSEPH N. DINAUD,
Holy Cross College,
Worcester, Mass.

October 25, 1924

District No. 1 Committee Meets

A MEETING of the General Committee of District No. 1 was held on November 15. Important communications were read and reports delivered.

Mount Royal Lodge reported that it had conducted its fourth successive summer camp for underprivileged boys between the ages of eight and fourteen. Some 165 boys were taken away from the hot city to the Laurentian Mountains for a period of two weeks each. The usual camp routine of swimming, hiking, baseball, volleyball, etc., was followed. Talks on Jewish history and Jewish historical figures were given, and prayers were said morning and evening.

Brother Joshua Kantrowitz stated that the Board of Governors of the Home for Aged and Infirm at Yonkers has found that the medical statement as now contained in the application for admission into the Home is inadequate. The Counsel to the District will be asked to draft a suitable medical statement for submission to the next Grand Lodge convention.

It was reported by Brother Judge Joseph G. Shapiro that the Board of Education of the city of Bridgeport recently adopted a resolution whereby all children attending the public schools were to receive religious instruction at least once a week, each denomination caring for its own children. Since there are approximately eight hundred Jewish children attending the schools of Bridgeport with no representative of the Jews to instruct them Brother Shapiro is endeavoring to make some arrangement to meet the situation. The matter was referred to Brothers Joseph Rosenzweig and Judge Joseph G. Shapiro.

On motion of Brother Henry Lasker the president was authorized to send letters to the presidents and secretaries of all lodges of the District in order to stimulate the membership campaign.

Attention was called by Brother Henry Lasker to the fact that a camp located about fifteen miles from Springfield and formerly conducted by Rabbi Price of Springfield is now for sale. The matter was referred to a committee consisting of Brothers Herbert T. Rosenfeld, Henry Lasker, Herman Asher, Leo J. Lyons and Ely Rosenberg.

Aleph Zadik Aleph

FROM time to time during the past few months we have been hearing of a new organization of Jewish youth which has been started in several cities, and which in several instances has been affiliated with the local B'nai B'rith lodges as their junior auxiliaries. In a letter recently received from Brother Samuel Schaeffer we learn that this organization, which is known as the Aleph Zadik Aleph, was founded in Omaha about six months ago and that it has adopted as its aims and purposes the following: Americanism; Judaism; filial love and devotion; charity; purity of body, mind and soul; conduct; fraternity.

Brother Schaeffer continues: "A simple but beautiful ritualistic service exemplifies the teaching of these principles in a manner that is calculated to leave an indelible impression upon the receptive mind of the boy.

"It must be conceded that these moral lessons should be taught to every boy. And in what better method can they be taught and under what more appropriate environment could they be learned than the method and place suggested by the A. Z. A.?

"This Order takes the boy after he has passed the Boy Scout Age and before he reaches manhood and supplements his home and school training.

"The first chapter was organized during the early part of March in Omaha and the rapidity with which new chapters are being formed at the request of the boys themselves testifies to the great appeal which such a movement holds for boys and young men.

"The first annual convention of the Order, at which over one hundred delegates and visitors from all chapters were present, was held in Omaha on July 4, 5 and 6. Here the young men organized their work for the coming year and laid plans for the rapid expansion of the Order.

"That the A. Z. A. is not a mere association of boys for personal recreation and that the ideals embodied in the ritual are not idle lip service was evidenced by the fact that the boys undertook immediately to carry into daily practice the principles of life and conduct upon which the Order is founded.

"The initial step in the philanthropic activities of the Order was taken at the convention through the assessment of each member of the sum of one dollar per year for charitable purposes, the Children's Preventorium of the National Jewish Hospital for Consumptives at Denver being selected as the beneficiary institution.

"Local chapters of the A. Z. A. are organized at the request of the boys, and all chapters are supervised by an Advisory Board, selected from members of the organization fostering the chapter. General supervision of the entire Order is vested in a Supreme Advisory Council.

"The present members of the Supreme Advisory Council are: Sam Beber, Omaha, president; Nathan Mnookin, Kansas City, first vice-president; Saul Arenson, Lincoln, second vice-president; Nathan Bernstein, Omaha, treasurer; I. F. Goodman, Omaha, secretary; Abe Babior, Omaha, warden; Harry H. Lapidus, Omaha; Harry Trustin, Omaha; S. I. Silberman, Des Moines; Charles Shane, Des Moines; and Meyer Freeman.

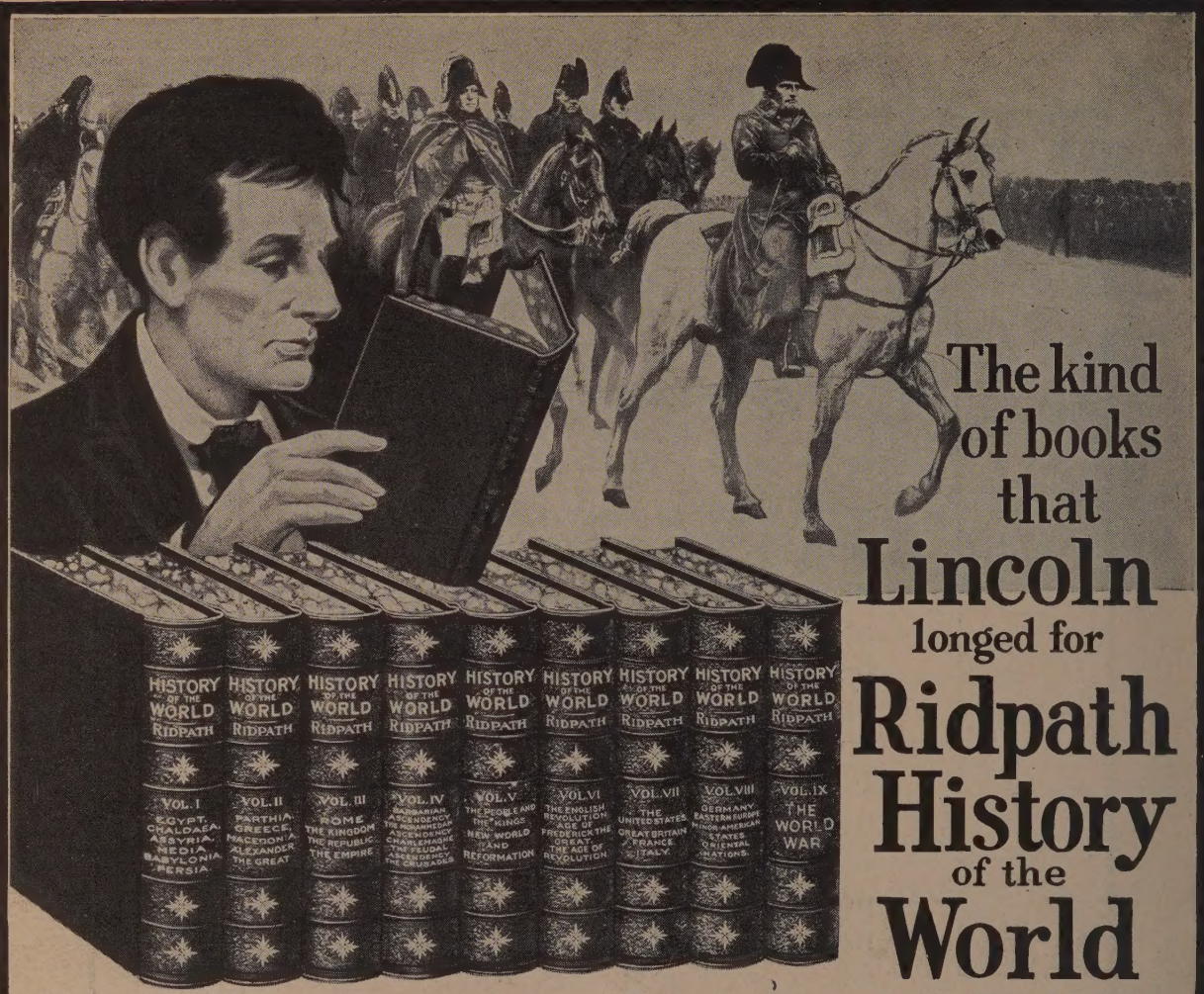
"By inculcating good morals and clean, upright and honorable living in the American Jewish youth in its most plastic and receptive state, the Order of Aleph Zadik Aleph renders signal service—one upon which no valuation can be computed and which in itself is a satisfactory guarantee of good citizenship and splendid manhood for all those who are ushered into a man's estate by the guiding hands from within its fold.

"Founded upon the basic principles of Americanism and Judaism, the Order of Aleph Zadik Aleph cannot but prosper and surpass even its present propositions. Guided by the light of moral conduct, which prompts its members to be ever ready to defend the weak, the helpless and the oppressed, a creed well worthy of dissemination to the world, it cannot help but be a vital and virile factor in each community where it exists. The splendid accomplishment of its few months of existence is prophetic of the greater good that will become the legacy of future generations...

"Any individual desiring further information concerning the Order of Aleph Zadik Aleph can secure the same by writing to Sam Beber, 300 Peters Trust Building, Omaha, Nebraska."

Opportunity Knocks Twice

at the doors of readers of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. For the benefit of those who have not yet sent in their cross word puzzles the time of the contest has been extended to January 15. The object of the contest is the manufacture of a B'nai B'rith Cross Word Puzzle, that is, one that has some distinctive feature which pertains to the Order or is of peculiar interest to readers of this magazine, either in the design, the words used or the definitions. The prize for the best puzzle is twenty-five dollars. All readers of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE are eligible to compete, and you aren't required to sign an affidavit to the effect that you are a reader—we assume that everybody is that. Puzzles should be addressed to the Puzzle Editor, B'nai B'rith Magazine, 7 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.


HISTORY OF THE WORLD RIDPATH
VOL. I EGYPT CHALDAEA ASSYRIA MEDIA BABYLONIA PERSIA
VOL. II PARTHIA GREECE MACEDONIA ALEXANDER THE GREAT
VOL. III ROME THE KINGDOM THE REPUBLIC THE EMPIRE
VOL. IV BARBARIAN ASCENDENCY THE MOHAMMEDAN ASCENDENCY CHARLEMAGNE THE FEUDAL ASCENDENCY THE CRUSADES
VOL. V THE PEOPLE AND THE KINGS NEW WORLD AND REFORMATION
VOL. VI THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION AGE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT THE AGE OF REVOLUTION
VOL. VII THE UNITED STATES GREAT BRITAIN FRANCE ITALY
VOL. VIII GERMANY EASTERN EUROPE SPANISH AMERICAN STATES ORIENTAL NATIONS
VOL. IX THE WORLD WAR

The kind of books that Lincoln longed for

Ridpath History of the World

Ridpath's History Now Includes a Full Account of the World War

America's Greatest Historian

JUST about the time when Abraham Lincoln became the nation's chief executive, a little Indiana boy wrote one day to the President of Harvard. He was a boy of the Lincoln type—thirsting for knowledge. He wanted to know if there was a world's history, trustworthy, not too bulky or expensive. The reply was that no man had yet appeared with sufficient ambition, judgment, courage, patience and literary skill to write a **practical, useful, reliable** history of the world. "I'll be that man," said the boy to himself. For 22 years he prepared himself thoroughly for this task. For 17 years he toiled and brought it to completion. The boy was John Clark Ridpath and his History of the World is, in the opinion of every student and scholar, **a masterpiece for all time.**

Ridpath's 6000 Years of History

Ridpath takes you back to the dawn of History, long before the Pyramids of Egypt were built; down through the romantic troubled times of Chaldea's grandeur and Assyria's magnificence; of Babylonia's wealth and luxury; of Greek and Roman splendor, of Mohammedan culture and refinement to the dawn of yesterday, including a full authentic account of the World War. He covers **every race, every nation, every time,** and holds you spellbound by his wonderful eloquence.

New Edition now ready—right down to date

THE RIDPATH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

CINCINNATI, O.

Ridpath Endorsed by Thousands

In the opinion of statesmen, college presidents, professional and business men of all classes and conditions, Ridpath's History of the World stands alone. There is no set of books about which opinion is so entirely **unanimous.** Ridpath's History is praised by all for its wealth of learning, its brilliant style, and its educative value to old and young. It is already in over a third of a million American homes and **should be in every home.**

46-Page History Booklet Free

We will mail you our beautiful forty-six-page free booklet of specimen pages from the History without any obligation on your part to buy. Tear off the Coupon, write name and address plainly, and mail to us now before you forget it. We will **name our special low price** and **easy terms** of payment only in direct letters. We do not publish our special low price because to print our low price broadcast would cause great injury to the sale of future editions. Hundreds who read this have thought that sometime they would buy a History of the World and inform themselves on all the great events that have made and unmade nations. Don't you think it would be worth while to at least send the coupon and find out all about our remarkable offer?

FOLD HERE, TEAR OUT, SIGN AND MAIL

FREE COUPON

THE RIDPATH HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Cincinnati, O.

Please mail, without cost to me, **sample pages of Ridpath's History of the World,** containing photogravures of The Surrender at Sedan, Napoleon, and other great characters in history. Also write me full particulars of your special offer to the B'nai B'rith Magazine readers.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....